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THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

[From Rev. A. P. Peabody's Sermon, at Meadville.]

SANCTIFICATION.

Let me beg you, then, to aim at sanctification, no less than at conversion. Regard your work with the individual as not done, but just begun, when he has sought his peace with God. Look at the apostles, when at nightfall they meet their Master around the paschal table, with professions of the warmest attachment and the most devoted love; and, the very next day, one denies him, and all forsake him and flee, carrying from his cross only broken resolutions and vain regrets. Look at the same apostles, after the tongues of fire have rested upon them, and the spirit of the living God has been shed abroad in their hearts. See them glorying in infirmity, rejoicing in tribulation, singing praises in the prison-house, filled with the love of Christ, thankful for the privilege of suffering in his name, their countenances, glowing like angels' faces as they sink under deadly missiles, their parched lips raising the song of triumph as they perish at the stake or on the cross. What a heaven-wide distance between these two conditions of character,—between their feeble infancy and their vigorous manhood as Christians! It is over this distance, up these serene heights of spiritual attainment, on which the sun of righeousness never sets, that you are to lead the flocks of which the holy spirit may make you overseers. Every Christian, who is thus moving onward and upward, becomes your colleague in the ministry,—a living testimony to the excellency of the divine word, to the reality and power of religion; while the converts, whom you barely help through the washing of regeneration, and leave at the margin of the cleansing stream, are clogs upon your success, a reproach to the cause of Christ, lying witnesses, who do all they can to convince the world that no fountain has been opened for sin and uncleanness.

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There are very many who estimate every trait of character by the quantity of outward service that it can render,—by the amount of visible grinding that it can accomplish in the mill of social reform; and, tried by this test, the higher attributes of the spiritual life—gratitude, prayer, devout contemplation, heavenly communings—are so sadly undervalued, that your preacher may be pardoned for saying a few words in behalf of them, as, even more than external philosophy, a prime object of ministerial effort. Now, I freely admit that there are many traits of the mature Christian character, which, in their own form, produce no visible results. They do not enable the poor to bestow costly gifts, or the feeble to perform vast enterprises, or those of slender ability to startle or electrify by tongue or pen. But how would it answer to apply this low utilitarian standard to the outward universe? There, with numberless provisions for immediate use, there are objects no less numberless, of which their intrinsic excellence and beauty are the only use. The breath of springs unfolds not only the blossoms that will turn into fruit, but wayside and forest flowers of every hue, that simply reflect the smile of a benignant Providence, and then intrust to the genial earth the promise of the same smile, when spring-days come again. The waters, too, are not only gathered where man and beast may quench their thirst, or spread into rivers and oceans that bear the freight of human industry, or poured where in their fall they may propel the mill-wheel, but they leap in many a fountain at which the cup is never filled, and sparkle in many a cascade where they can only refresh and gladden the soul attuned to the harmonies of nature. Thus, in God's spiritual creation, there are attributes of character which are fully seen and fully used in the economy of outward life; and there are yet others whose first and chief use is that they make the soul itself richer and happier, ally it with higher orders of beings, and render it more fully the reflection of the Creator's countenance.

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The fitness of a minister's laying constant stress on the higher and more hidden attributes of the inward life will be manifest, when we reflect that every man has not only a social, but an independent, solitary existence; not only joint, but separate interests. It is too much the fashion of the times to regard men as mere agencies or instrumentalities, made solely for one another, solely for society, solely to fit each into his peculiar niche in the body politic. We are, indeed, members one of another; but we are none the less each of us a living soul, with elements of being all his own. Indeed the very idea of mutual usefulness implies this; for, if we are mere utilities, who or what is to have the ultimate benefit of our combined utility? We are bound to do good to others, chiefly because every one is capable of receiving, absorbing, appropriating to his own sole use and benefit, the good that he receives from others; because every one is in his own nature independently capable of improvement, excellence, and happiness. Doing is not the whole of life, nor well-doing the whole of duty. Being and well-being are even more essential. How much is there of life which cannot be spent in doing; hours of thoughtful solitude when the soul must be turned in upon itself, and self-consciousness is all of which we are capable! At such times, the consciousness that we are useful, precious as it is, is not enough. We want to be conscious, that we are more than beneficent machines; that we have an inward life, exclusively our own,—a life of thought, sentiment, emotion, and hope, independent of society and sympathy. And it is in the growth of this inward life, far beyond all power of external manifestations, that the perfecting of the saints in its higher stages consists.

I have thus endeavored to place before you, my brethren, the loftiest aim as regards the characters of those to whom you may be called to minister. Think not that I would underrate the labors which are too prone to usurp all a minister's energy. You must and should call sinners to repentance, and through you should the violated law speak out its thunders. You ought to be devotedly engaged in philanthropic enterprises, to take them into the bosom of the church, to make them an essential part of her work, and to do all in your power to create within her a spirit which shall supersede all other organizations, and merge the separate societies and agencies for reform in the "peculiar people zealous for good works." Yet most of all would I have you lend your efforts to the perfecting of the saints,—to the full and symmetrical education of the souls intrusted to your care,—to the creating within them, not of one, but of every, class of spiritual graces; so that their knowledge shall be equal to their zeal, and their faith worthy of their work; so that in them piety and charity shall seem not twain, but one and the same tree of life, which men shall call piety as it takes root in the clefts of the Rock of ages, and charity as it sends out its branches laden with refreshing blossoms and healing fruit.

II. Such being the work of the ministry, how is it to be wrought successfully? To this question permit me first to give the answer, which is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." It is to be wrought only by the prepared heart, by the truly devout and thoroughly devoted spirit, by him whose whole character is a preaching of the gospel. The life and spirit of Christ are not dogmatic facts, but dynamic forces,—the great motive-power for the heart of humanity. They instruct men only by working in them. They give knowledge in proportion as they create experience. The minister is less the teacher of his flock, than the conductor of these regenerating forces, this transforming power. Only life can quicken life. The sap from the living, alone, can re-invigorate the graft from the dying tree.

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But think not, my brethren, that a mere intellectual purpose, a simple resolution to be faithful, can be of the slightest avail. You have not even the religious knowledge requisite for your work, except through profound spiritual experience. Your theological studies simply acquaint you with words and names, outward phenomena and historical facts. You inwardly know only what you have lived, what you have experienced. You know the love of God and Christ, only when your own love has been purged from selfishness, and aroused from inaction; when you can do good, hoping for nothing again; when you have learned to bear other men's burdens, and to help their infirmities. You know the divine purity, only when you have cast out from your hearts all impure desires and affections, all mean and grovelling tastes, all the defilements of sense and sin; when your souls, sincere, transparent, and serene, reflect an untroubled image of the divine countenance, as tranquil waters mirror back the moon and the stars. You know what regeneration is, only when you have consecrated your whole being to the service of God, and opened your whole heart to the promptings of his spirit; when the constant language of your soul is,—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth: Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Without this heart-knowledge, you may mean to be a faithful preacher, a son of consolation, a helper of your fellow-men up those heights of spiritual attainment to which you think that you know every step of the way; but the lack of personal experience will mar your best efforts, and make void your most faithful services. You may seem to say just what you ought; and yet, because it comes from the head and not from the heart, it will reach the head only, and fall short of the heart.

Preaching must be the expression, not only of the preacher's sincere convictions, but of his inward life and character; else the truest and holiest words are unattended by the demonstration of the divine spirit and by power from on high. Why this is we cannot perhaps say. Nor yet can we say what it is that touches the heart, and awakens peculiarly devout sentiments, in the contemplation of the works of nature, and not in that of their fairest and most literal copies. Art may counterfeit the bloom of summer, nay more, may plant gorgeous parterres of tropical flowers and fruit-trees under the very ribs of winter; but no art of man can impart to its imitations or its forced growth the incense-breathing element, the aroma of praise and worship, that goes up when God renews the face of the year. Equally little can factitious sanctity, the set purpose to say the best things at the fit time and in the right way, the most skilful imitation of the beauty of holiness, counterfeit the utterances that flow warm from the heart habitually communing with the divine spirit, and receiving from the Lord what it delivers to the Lord's heritage.

Let me, then, earnestly beseech you to take heed to yourselves,—to watch over your own souls. Remember that it is not your pen or tongue, but your spirit and character, that are to do your Master's work. You yourselves,—not what you have learned or what you say, but what you are,—you yourselves are your choicest instruments of usefulness. Other things being equal, your success will depend on your depth of experience, your quantity of character, the measure of the fulness of Christ's spirit that has been poured into yours. Therefore let not your time be all frittered away even in the external work of the ministry, or your leisure be all consumed even in theological study: for, in that case, you will be only Gibeonites,—burden-bearers in the outer courts of the sanctuary; you cannot approach the holy of holies; you will have no incense in your censers,—no fire on the heart-altar. Remember the lone nights passed on the mountain by Him who spake as never man spake; and if he, who dwelt ever in the bosom of the Father needed prolonged seasons of prayer, and felt the benefit of retired communion with Heaven, how much more deeply must this need exist in us, his feeble and far-off followers, encompassed by like infirmities with other men, and beset by one danger peculiar to our profession,—that of having our reverence for sacred things impaired by the necessity of handling them critically, analyzing them, and considering them in their technical aspects and relations! Seek, then, the lone hour. Cherish habitual communion with your own souls and your God. Ascend the mount of clear vision, where the soul asserts its power of direct perception,—sees God, Christ, and truth with the inward eye, as clearly as we see forms and colors with the outward. Preach nothing that you have not prayed over,—nothing that does not identify itself with your heart-experience; and, whether you minister at the public altar, carry the regenerating word from house to house, or pour the consolations of your Saviour's love into the ear of the sick and dying, let thoughts of prayer, the tacit appeal for the divine aid and blessing, flow on in even rhythm, in harmonious symphony with your utterance. Thus shall your word be with power, the witness of your ministry in heaven, and its record on high.

But I should do great injustice to this occasion, if, while assigning the first place to the preparation of the heart, I did not also urge upon you the necessity of thorough and various mental culture, up to the full measure of your means and ability. Is it said that the message of divine truth needs not man's learning or wisdom? Still less does it need man's ignorance and folly. Is it said that the gospel can well dispense with all extraneous adorning? It can equally dispense with the awkward handling of those who have not trained themselves rightly to divide the word of truth. All knowledge is or may be of God. Of his ideas whatever exists is the copy; whatever takes place is the impression. He breathes in all nature. He writes all history. He leads the march of events, no less than the stars in their circuits. There is no department of creation, no portion of the record of the past, that may not nourish the devout mind, and enrich the pious heart. The Scriptures, too, present not only words which he that runs may read, but hidden treasures, which he only that digs can find. And in them we always find more than we seek. He who digs for silver gets gold; he who searches for gold unearths diamonds.

I would beg you, chief of all, and for your lives long, to dig in this mine. Make yourselves mighty in the Scriptures. They are your source, your authority. So long as you regard them as the authentic records of divine revelation, it concerns you to enter with the most thorough critical research into the minds of their writers, to compare Scripture with Scripture, and to throw upon the sacred text all the light which science, history, and philology can furnish.

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My young brethren, I might add many topics of advice. I would gladly say many words of congratulation and encouragement. But it is time that I draw to a close. You now go forth as heralds of the cross. You bear an honored name. You take your places in the great procession, at the head of which stand confessors, martyrs, apostles, the all-perfect Redeemer. On him fix the eye of your faith. Preach not yourselves, but Christ. Feel sure and strong, only where you can quote a "Thus saith the Lord." Plant your feet where his sacred footmarks lie. It was throughout, when he trod it, a rough and thorny path, though now, at frequent intervals, instead of the thorn is the fir-tree, instead of the briar the myrtle. On that sheltered way, lead the flocks that may be given to your care. Rely on the word of promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." And, if there shall be trials and discouragements on your course, oh! think of the blessedness of leading souls to Jesus, of being to your fellow-men the fathers of their spiritual birth, the authors under God of that life over which death has no power, of having among the shining ranks of the redeemed those who shall say "You helped us hither; your piety kindled ours; your loyalty to your Master made us say, 'We too would see Jesus;' your counsels cheered, your example guided us; we were seals of your ministry on earth, and will forever cluster around you as the crown of your joy in heaven."

THE REFORM SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

Judge Walker's Phi Beta Kappa Oration well sustains in reading its reputation for broad, practical good sense. We give below the closing paragraphs:—

Meantime the great want of the age is MODERATION. The lesson we should draw, from the survey we have taken, is neither to be obstinately conservative, nor rashly progressive. The danger is that we shall become intoxicated by our amazing physicial triumphs. Because, within the memory of most of us, the lightning has been harnessed to the news man's car, and the steam-engine has not only brought the ends of the earth into proximity, but has also provided a working power, which, requiring no nutriment, and susceptible of no fatigue, almost releases living creatures from the necessity of toil,—because of these most marvellous discoveries, we are in danger of believing that like wonders may be achieved in the social and moral world. But be it remembered that, in all our discoveries, no substitute has been found for conscience, and no machine to take the place of reason. The telegraph cannot legislate, nor the locomotive educate. The mind is still the mind, and must obey its own higher laws. Our most pressing needs are such as no mechanism can supply. What we most lack is true, earnest, sincere, faithful, loyal, self-sacrificing men. Without these, it is in vain that we extend our territory from ocean to ocean, and quarry gold as we do rocks. These physical accessions, coming so suddenly upon us, do but increase our peril. Adversity we might bear, and be the better for it. But how shall we bear this gush of seeming prosperity? Seeming, I say, because time alone can determine whether it is real. If, with all these excitements, we do not become a nation of reckless adventurers,—gamblers, perhaps, would be the proper word,—and if we do not cut ourselves entirely loose from our ancient moorings, but still hold fast to our integrity, our very continence will prove that there is still some sterling virtue left. For never was there so much reason for the prayer, "Deliver us from temptation." After all our conquests, the most difficult yet remains,—the victory over ourselves. We have now to answer, under untried difficulties, that gravest of questions, "What constitutes a state?" And the answer must be like that which was given long ago:—

"Not high-raised battlement or labored mound.
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
* * * * *
No;—men, high minded men,—
* * * * *
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

ELEMENTARY SKETCHES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

[By Rev. Sydney Smith, M. A., New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.]

This work bears everywhere marks of its author's mind. It is entertaining, discriminating, and more profound and instructive than many treatises of greater pretensions. We extract from the Introduction a letter written by Lord Jeffrey a few days before his last illness, which may be taken as a model both in style, thought and feeling, and subjoin to it two or three short extracts from the work itself.

"Edinburgh, January 18th, 1850.

"My ever dear Mrs. Smith,

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for having sent me this book; not merely (or chiefly) as a proof of your regard, or as a memorial of its loved and lamented author, but for the great and unexpected pleasure I have already derived, and feel sure I shall continue to derive, from its perusal. Though it came to me in the middle of my judicial avocations, and when my infirm health scarcely admitted of any avoidable application, I have been tempted, in the course of the last two days, to read more than the half of it; and find it so much more original, interesting, and instructive than I had anticipated, that I cannot *rest* till I have not merely expressed my thanks to you for the gratification I have received, but made some amends for the rash and I fear somewhat ungracious judgment I passed upon it, after perusing a few passages of the manuscript, some years ago. I have not recognized any of these passages in any part of the print I am now reading, and think I must have been unfortunate in the selection, or chance, by which I was then directed to them. But, however that be, I am now satisfied that in what I then said, *I did great and grievous injustice* to the merit of these Lectures, and was *quite wrong* in dissuading their publication, or concluding that they would add nothing to the reputation of the author; on the contrary, my firm impression is, that, with few exceptions, they will do him as much credit as anything he ever wrote, and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a *truer* and more engaging view of his character, than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings. The book seems to me to be full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling—very clearly and pleasingly written—and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with in the conduct of such discussions. Some of the conclusions may be questionable; but I do think them generally just, and never propounded with anything like arrogance or in any tone of assumption, and the whole subject treated with quite as much, either of subtilty or profundity, as was compatible with a *popular* exposition of it.

"I *retract*, therefore, peremptorily and firmly, the advice I formerly gave against the publication of these discourses; and earnestly recommend you to lose no time in letting the public at large have the pleasure and benefit of their perusal. The subject, perhaps, may prevent them from making any great or immediate sensation; but I feel that they will excite considerable interest, and command universal respect; while the previous circulation of your 100 *eleemosynary* copies, among persons who probably include the most authoritative and efficient guides of public taste and opinion now living, must go far to secure its early and favorable notice.

"I write this hurriedly, after finishing my legal preparations for to-morrow, and feel that I shall sleep better for this disburdening of my conscience. I feel, too, as if I was secure of your acceptance of this tardy recantation of my former heresies; and that you will be pleased, and even perhaps a little proud, of your convertite! But if not, I can only say that I shall willingly submit to any penance you can find in your heart to impose on me. I know enough of that heart of old, not to be very apprehensive of its severity: and now good night, and God bless you! I am very old, and have many infirmities; but I am tenacious of old friendships, and find much of my present enjoyments in the recollections of the past.

"With all good and kind wishes,
"Ever very gratefully and affectionately yours,
"F. JEFFREY."

BEAUTIFUL IN ACTION.

"I have said a great deal about prospect and landscape; I will mention an action or two, which appear to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful, as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend, had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterward.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket, more than you?' 'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon re-opening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.' Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau ideal* in morals, and gives that calm, yet deep emotion of pleasure, which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world."

SUBLIME IN ACTION.

"I am going to say rather an odd thing, but I cannot help thinking that the severe and rigid economy of a man in distress, has something in it very sublime, especially if it be endured for any length of time serenely and in silence. I remember a very striking instance of it in a young man, since dead; he was the son of a country curate, who had got him a berth on board a man-of-war, as midshipman. The poor curate made a great effort for his son; fitted him out well with clothes, and gave him £50 in money. The first week, the poor boy lost his chest, clothes, money and every thing he had in the world. The ship sailed for a foreign station; and his loss was without remedy. He immediately quitted his mess, ceased to associate with the other midshipmen, who were the sons of gentlemen; and for five years, without mentioning it to his parents—who he knew could not assist him,—or without borrowing a farthing from any human being, without a single murmur or complaint, did that poor lad endure the most abject and degrading poverty, at a period of life when the feelings are most alive to ridicule, and the appetites most prone to indulgence. Now, I confess I am a mighty advocate for the sublimity of such long and patient endurance. If you can make the world stare and look on, there, you have vanity, or compassion to support you; but to bury all your wretchedness in your own mind,—to resolve that you will have no man's pity, while you have one effort left to procure his respect,—to harbor no mean thought in the midst of abject poverty, but, at the very time you are surrounded by circumstances of humility and depression, to found a spirit of modest independence upon the consciousness of having ALL acted well:—this is a sublime, which, though it is found in the shade and retirement of life, ought to be held up to the praises of men, and to be looked upon as a noble model for imitation."

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

Few men seem to have so completely won the confidence and love of those beneath them, as few men have triumphed over such obstacles, or won such an earthly reputation. But it is not as a warrior that he will longest be remembered. The times are coming when men will judge by another standard. And then the glory of his sieges and his battles, even of his humanity in these, will be eclipsed by that which circles round these few months of severe and trying, yet honorable, service in the Presidential chair. It has seemed to me as I have watched him that no man could have less of external assistance than he; that his convictions of duty called him at once to make a stand against his own educational and sectional prejudices; that the very men and things to which he naturally would look for aid, turned against him then; that his friends embarrassed, crippled, opposed him. The times seemed to demand large experience in affairs of State; evils that had long been festering were speedily ripening to a crisis. The greatest skill and decision seemed required to maintain union at home, and credit and peace abroad. Signs, that should have called in all honest hearts to his assistance, were fearfully portentous. The clouds rolled up from the horizon black and muttering. And yet we have seen that Old-Man stand erect and calm, almost alone, in this new position, as he is said to have been amid the familiar dangers of the battle-field, forgetting everything but his duty. The danger only seemed to develope the energy, and the character, and the worth that there were in him. With a wisdom one would not have looked for in a solder, who had spent his days on the frontiers of our Empire, with a decision, savoring of the camp, yet tempered by prudence, and a stern sense of individual and national duty above sectional bias, he has met every emergency. He had sworn to support the Union, and it was one of the noblest examples of patriotism on the one hand, as it was one of the saddest instances of the savageness of party spirit on the other, when he took his stand for his Country against his own section, and, if what we hear is true, died there for her,—how far more gloriously than had he been the hero of an hundred battles! No public man who has come forward within my own day, seems so deserving the love and sorrow of his countrymen. I say this free from every political bias, for I was opposed to the policy of his nomination, and to some of the principles of his administration. I say it the more strongly that it is a conviction of a slow growth, from seeing how wonderfully he has triumphed over the prejudices of section, of education and of caste, and shown himself greater in peace than in war, in council than in camp,—a worthy follower of him to whom he has been likened, a patriot, an honest and a good man. And if anything were wanting to such a conviction, those few last words from his dying lips, words which could only come from a good man, would seal it. Eloquent utterance of an upright heart, deeply wounded with a sense of the injustice that had been done him, conscious of the sincerity of his own intentions!—"I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE. I HAVE ENDAVORED TO DO MY DUTY." Happy will it be for them who have striven to blacken his character, and decry his motives, happy for us, if when we feel the hour come, we can say "I am not afraid to die. I have endeavored to do my duty."—[J. F. W. WARE.

VICE.—He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose, with so no idea of future personal pleasure; and just as surely as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a bloodhound and tracks him to his fate.

THE METHOD OF THEOLOGICAL INQUIRY.

Between those who take the Bible as an authoritative revelation of divine truth and those who do not, there is a great gulf fixed. It matters not how nearly alike the theology of these two classes of persons in any given case may be, there is necessarily a radical difference in their *methods of investigation*, which will sooner or latter become palpable. The one receives the truths of revelation as so many fixed facts which must be the basis of all reasoning on the subject of theology. He receives these facts as ultimate, just as the natural philosopher receives the observed phenomena of nature. Theological science with him is the classification and orderly arrangement of these truths of revelation, just as the natural philosopher classifies the facts of nature. Beyond these facts he cannot go—he dares not stop short of the full distance to which they carry him. What Bacon says in the first paragraph of the Novum Organum, of the relation of the philosopher to nature, is true of the relation of the theologian to the Word of God: "Man as the *minister* and *interpreter of nature* accomplishes and understands so much as his obversations on the order of nature either in reference to matter or mind permit him; he neither knows nor is capable of more." Substitute the Bible for nature with the requisite modifications, and have the "organum" or method of thelogical inquiry.

We are to use our reason in ascertaining whether a revelation has been made and where it is contained, on the same principles that the natural philosopher uses his reason in ascertaining what facts nature teaches. A philosopher has no right to determine beforehand what theory any fact shall support, but he is bound to take the simple fact just as it exists, without any attempt to wrest it in one direction or another.

Here then we have the basis of a right theological methd. Let us follow exactly the methods of natural philosophy in classifying the facts of Scripture. Endeavoring by devout prayer to the Divine Spirit, to divest ourselves of all feelings that would diminish our capacity of seeing things, in what Bacon calls "a dry light," let us cultivate that prostration of intellect before the facts of the Bible, which marks the philosopher, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, and who glories in being capable of nothing more. The spirit that Bacon describes as the proper one for the philosopher is precisely analogous to that which the Scriptures enjoin for the study of the truths of revelation.

We have often thought that a course of instruction in the method of theological inquiry might be given with great profit to students, with the Novum Organum for a text book. At the present time, when the current seems to be running in favor of dispensing in education with rigid training in mathematical and physicial science, we would hope that an exception may be made in the case of those who are to interpret to us the truths of the Bible. We believe that short of the unction of the Holy One, there is no better disciplinary preparation for the study of God's Word than a thorough acquaintance with the mathematical principles of Natural Philosophy. —[N. Y. Recorder.

SELF-TRAINING.

The late Sir F. Buxton had great faith in the self-training power of men. He thus expresses himself:—"I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my case it was so. I left school, where I had learnt little or nothing, at the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home learning to hunt and to shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college was opened to me. . . . I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them; I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel—I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and I thus speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment; I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and act upon that determination,' A reviewer adds: 'No man ought to be convinced by any thing short of assiduous and long continued labors issuing in absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of mankind.'

THE FAMILY ALTAR AND ITS INFLUENCES.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer united praise to the Father of mercies. True it is with this, as every other illustration of life in that better country, much imperfection is mingled. A large share of our devotional exercises consists of a confession of sin, and application for strength against the time of temptation; besides which, wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often often mar our worship, and render our our solemn service vain. Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself, as an emblem of his triumphant Church; and scarcely could one have been selected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks, by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths. I was acquiring a knowlede of men and manners, but the narration *how* is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek maternal care, under whose blessed influences health soon returned. The day before I again left home, to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her wiling ear some account of my cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and kissing my forehead, said, "*my dear son*, never think yourself forgotten by us. *Your father mentions your name night and morning.*

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times for the temporarily absent one, and now as I was going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I *knew* the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degre erealized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time, but I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally, anxiety would prevent me from offering more than the merest form of prayer myself—then would I think of my father's earnest petition, offered for *me* that morning, and in strength granted, in answer to it, rise *beside* the trial if not immediately victorious over it! Sometimes pleasure would lure, by her siren voice, to a participation in unholy amusements, but the charm was powerless, when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old, yet those words still ring in my ears, and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises; yet in times of sorrow or perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are a cordial to my heart, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathise with them, in their feeble attempts to do right; there let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your dispersed families, in a better country, even heavenly. [Family Journal.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

The relation which the members of a church sustain to each other, ought to be one of the tenderest and closest of human ties. Unity of pursuits, similarity of tastes, essential likeness of character, and a common destiny, might be expected to create such an identity of interests and affections, as to make friendship, mutual confidence, kindness and love, the very atmosphere of a church. They have enjoyed the most sacred experiences in common; together they have prayed and wept; they have eaten and drunk in one another's presence; they have taken common vows upon them, and entered into the most solemn of compacts with each other. When the heart is warm, in periods of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, no impulse is stronger or more instinctive than love to the brethren. It is a beautiful sight, which the Scriptures point to as the characteristic exemplification of the power of Christian principle. The church of Christ never made progress more rapidly or more gloriously than when the wondering world could say, Behold how these love one another.

The church ought to be the sanctuary of every kindly, brotherly feeling. Charity ought to be its distinguishing grace; and confidence, esteem, and heartfelt interest in one another, the chosen, habitual sentiment of all its members. The honor, happiness, spirituality and interest of every child of God, ought to be almost as dear to us as our own. We ought to be delighted in his prosperity, and in his progress in knowledge and holiness; we ought to be wounded by his wrongs—grieved at his sufferings—pained at his halting—interested in his experiences with a sincerity and vivacity of feeling, scarcely less than we regard our own spiritual history. Not only should the tenderness of Christian friendship, but the honor of Christ himself, as concerned in the moral course of each of his disciples, excite this feeling. The cause of truth is honored by every right life. A new preacher of righteousness arises in every consistent Christian's career. Every good thing in this world gains strength and beauty from the reflected light of a well-adorned Christian profession, and sin in the church is a deep and pitiable stain It we were properly alive to the Master's honor, we should watch the course of our brethren with a zeal equal to the love we bear to the church, and to the world's best good. What a gain of personal comfort and holiness, and of power and dignity to the church, would there be if every professor of religion should understand the full extent and nature of the obligations involved in being a disciple of Christ, and honestly carry them out! Those days of glory and grace are in reserve for us; and they will mark the church's brightest era. [N. Y. Evangelist.

STILL FALLING. Death continues to make havoc among the distinguished men of the land. Last week the Hon. Samuel H. Walley, and Hon. Daniel P. King, of Massachusetts—the latter a member of the present Congress, who had come to his home in Danvers to recruit wearied nature—were summoned to go the way whence they will not return.

The Hon. SARGEANT S. PRENTISS, born and educated in Maine, and one of the most brilliant orators in the land, was buried at Natchez Miss., July 2d, having departed this life the day previous. A simple anecdote will illustrate the filial affection of the man, as well as his ready perception of the fitting thing to be said. When on a visit to his friends, some years ago, but after his reputation had become wide-spread, a distinguished lady of this city took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she had learned he was to take his departure in a few minutes. "I have wished to see you," said she, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate *the son* on having *such a mother!*"—was his instant reply; and it was unaffected and heartfelt. [Am. Mirror.

THE SALT LAKE CITY.

The St. Louis Era of the 28th ult, publishes a long and very interesting letter, dated in April of the present year, giving a description of the Mormon city, as seen by a gentleman who crossed the Plains last fall, and who is now in the State of Deseret.

The Salt Lake City is situated three miles from the range of mountains which circles the valley on the east side, and about twenty-two miles from the great lake. The country about slopes gradually and with beautiful effect from the mountain to the Utah outlet, and is beautifully watered, like the city, with a number of mountain streams of pure, sweet water, which the present population, I believe, have never, at any season, known to fail. For milling, manufacturing, agricultural, or other purposes, the sufficiency of supply of water need never be apprehended. The soil in every part of the valley (about forty miles in length by twenty in breadth) is extraordinarily fertile. Three hundred bushels of Irish potatoes had been raised from one bushel. Wheat and other grain grow rapidly and in abundance. The coldness of the climate prevents the cultivation of corn to any great extent. Each Mormon can improve as much land as he chooses to have surveyed and inclosed in the commons near the city, but no one can sell his land. Each citizen is also allowed one and half acres of ground.

The city is divided into nineteen wards, each containing a half mile square. Every square has its bishop, whose powers temporally correspond to those of our justice of the peace. The officers of the general city government are a president, marshal, sheriff, &c., the first of whom is elected for life by the council of twelve, and the second semi-annually by the same body. The power of the president is unlimited—his word in almost every instance is the law of the land. In the event of the perpetration of any crime, however, the council of twelve have a right to dispose of him. Since the murder of the famed Jo Smith, Mr. Brigham Young has ruled among the Latter Day Saints. He is much beliked by the people for his honesty (so called) in office, no less than for his social democratic deportment out.

About two years ago the first building was erected in Salt Lake City, and already the population numbers much over 25,000. The houses are yet all one story *adobes*, but preparations are being made for the early erection of a temple and other public buildings, in a nobler and more durable style. As it is, the city does not now present a mean appearance. Its broad streets, laid out with great regularity; its large lots, converted generally into blooming gardens or too well ornamented yards, and the many neat little cottages at every turn, render it more attractive in many respects than are other older and more magnificent cities.

The Mormons are a gay people, given to music, dancing and women. They do not profess to keep the Sabbath. The followers of Christ they pretend to regard as those heathens who stand the least chance of salvation. Indeed the Mormons regard or pretend to regard the creed of their sires, which they have themselves just foresworn, as the most deceitful of all creeds—they abominate it. The dislike they bear to christianity, is divided with that which they bear American Christians. The United States are seldom alluded to in other than an unfriendly, rancorous spirit. In the councils of the people this feeling is from politic and prudent motives, in a great measure concealed. In society and in business transactions, however, they allow it full play.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN. The lower orders are often extremely noisy, and nothing can equal the volubility of the women. The fair sex appear generally well made, except about the bust; but their features—I mean those of the humbler classes—are harsh and coarse. I do not think this arises either from exposure to the sun or hard work. The same observation is not made in India. All I know is that the passions of the Egyptian women are strongly developed, and that in language and manners they bear a great resemblance to the lower orders of the Irish. The fierceness of their quarrels is sometimes surprising. I have seen an old dame for a whole quarter of an hour perseveringly attempt to get at a young man who had offended her, in order to scratch his face. Her tongue never ceased to utter all the while the most awful curses, and she actually foamed at the mouth, and, throwing herself on the ground, rolled about in transports of impotent rage. According to the custom of the country, however, she did not turn upon those that held her. Let me hasten to add, that never have I seen tenderer mothers than in Egypt. It is my impression, indeed, though I should not like to be too positive on such a subject, that maternal affection is the only pure passion of which the Egyptian women, as a rule, are capable. I have often heard it said by them "A husband is a husband; if one is lost another is to be got; but who can give me back my child!" [Two years in a Levantine Family.

DIVISION OF TIME IN MUSIC.—Lastly, and perhaps more wonderful than all, a proper and minute division of TIME was to be effected. That inherent appreciation of what musicians term "time," which almost every human being possesses naturally, but which few understand, and none can explain, was to be expressed and defined. Divisions and subdivisions were to be demonstrated and made clear. This was the task of tasks. Savages, who never heard of the existence of such a science as music, are known to clap their hands in unison at certain measurable periods in their wild songs. They observe the law of musical time, without having the slightest conception of what time is. Nor are we much better now. We can write time as well as tune; but we know not now, nor have we yet been able to analyze or detect the instinct which teaches us, as it does the savages, at what periods of any given air we should mark time. Yet thousands of persons, singing together, will "*beat*" as the same instant. No one knows why or wherefore it should be so.—[Graham's Magazine.

WHAT THE LITTLE EYES SAW. John Condor, afterwards D. D. was born at Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, June 3d, 1714. His grandfather, Richard Condor, kissed him, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Who knows what sad days these little eyes are likely to see?" Things wearing at this time a threatning aspect, relative to Dissen

spots on the sun, all bright with the splendid effulgence of infinite love. Shall an ambiguous line in Timothy cover up the whole sermon on the mount? No! we still claim the Bible; and bad as the American Church is, it will take all its cunning and craft to make us doubt the purity of Jesus or the humanity of Paul. [Wendell Philips.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, August 10, 1850.

RATIONALISM.

A Critical History of Rationalism in Germany.—By Armand Saintes. Translated from the French. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1849.

This is one of a series of works which Dr. Beard is publishing in illustration or defence of the Christian faith. The work is as elaborate, conscientious, thorough, and we had almost said, as dry, as if it had been written by a German instead of a Frenchman; while the translation is as carelessly made as any that it has been our fortune recently to see. But in spite of these drawbacks, it will be read with profit by any one who wishes to have a just understanding of the great theological questions of our day.

In tracing the history of Rationalism, there are three words of constant occurrence whose meaning should be attended to.

Supernaturalism believes that God has made to mankind an immediate and direct revelation of religious truth, which revelation is contained in the Scriptures.

Rationalism teaches that there has been no such revelation, but that man derives all his knowledge of religious truth from reason. By Rationalism, as a system, is not meant that it harmonizes with reason, but that its sole source is in the reason. The Bible is like any other work, which man uses, furnishing valuable suggestions, instructions and aids, but possessing no authority.

Naturalism in the same way rejects all that is supernatural in the Scriptures. As distinguished from Rationalism, it is characterized by the open and general avowal of hostility to revelation. It is the negative side of infidelity, while Rationalism, though equally rejecting all special revelation, teaches that God reveals himself through nature, through human history, through the various religions of the world, Christianity among the rest, and finally and chiefly through the reason. Like Naturalism, however, it gives to reason the supreme authority in deciding all questions relating to religion. The two differ more in name than in substance. The chief difference is that the Naturalist openly avows his rejection of the Christian religion as possessing a peculiar authority, while Rationalism appropriates, though it changes their meaning, the words hallowed by Christian usage, clothes itself in a Christian garb, stands in a Christian pulpit, and while laboring to undermine the religion, does it in the name of a disciple. Rationalism is less coarse and vulgar, but Naturalism is more honest, and less egotistic.

We do not agree with our author in attributing the existence of Rationalism, in any legitimate sense of the words, to those great ideas respecting the rights of the individual mind to which the Reformation gave currency, nor should we look for the remedy in a more stringent church organization. The first question at the Reformation, related to the source of Christian faith. Whatever it afterwards became, it was not originally a question of doctrine, but of the authority on which all doctrines should rest. The Catholic found that authority in the decisions of the Church. The fundamental principle of the Reformation was, that the Holy Scriptures, considered as divinely inspired, ought to be the sole guide of the faith and morals of Christians, and that to each person belonged the right of judging for himself what they taught. The business of the individual reason was to interpret Scripture, but the Scripture being once understood, its teachings were authoritative.

But the Reformers were themselves unfaithful to their own principles. When Charles V. demanded of them some specification of their opinions to shew what their views were and that they were not obnoxious to the charge of holding no settled faith, they hasted (in imitation of all since the apostolic and primitive times) to draw up elaborate creeds, enumerating those articles of belief which they maintained were found in the Scriptures. Regard for what was supposed to be truth, hatred of error, the need of union for strength, as well as the love of power and the intolerance of dissent, caused them to enthrone these creeds in places of authority. Where protestantism was in the ascendancy the civil power was speedily enlisted in their support, the creeds were guarded by pains and penalties, according to the approved usages of the church, and thus the Reformers rejected the Papacy only to instal themselves in the place of Popes. The great principle, under whose banner they assailed and stormed the Roman power, they utterly denied in practice so soon as any of their followers showed that the adoption of it led to dissent.

These creeds, which require not merely assent to the authority of the Scriptures, but assent to some special interpretation of their contents, were taken under the protection of different protestant governments. The church was united with the State, and the purity of religious doctrine among the people maintained by law.

It was in this want of fidelity to the great principles of the Reformation that we find the theological origin of Rationalism. At first during the season of conflict and danger, creeds, by being a bond of union, were a source of strength, and for the sake of this, the prudent and the timid were willing to make concessions. But as the season of war with Catholicism passed by, theologians began to question the creeds and to speculate on the authorized opinions. And now appeared the evil of deserting the true principles of Protestantism. As soon as a theologian differed but by a line from the received faith, he found himself the object of censure, and cut off from the advantages which the state reserved for true believers. When the difference was slight, these penalties led to silence, reserve, and to seeming acquiescence and conformity. It was a dangerous step, certain to proceed from bad to worse. The amount of dissent from the standards of faith was constantly increasing, even while the old formulas and phrases of religion were maintained. Those who were of a bolder temper, the moment they avowed their dissent, found themselves in bitter controversy with the adherents of the prevailing faith. The preservation in their purity and authority of the established standards became the principal thing. The pulpit and the press were engrossed by theological controversy. The practical aspects of the gospel were lost sight of, and the effort to establish a creed, resulted in establishing the letter and killing the spirit. A dead orthodoxy reigned in those states which so recently responded to the call of Luther to religious reform.

At this juncture, Spener, who wanted only the organizing mind and autocratic will to have made him the German Wesley, appeared. Too modest and humble to allow himself to be regarded as a reformer, so devout that his enemies fastened upon him as a reproach, that which showed their own state, the name of *pietist*, he endeavored to kindle up in the hearts of men a true and vital religion. He insisted on making the Bible the standard of faith, instead of a creed, and taught the essential importance, even in attaining religious truths, of a pious, righteous and benevolent life. Various governments issued edicts against him, and the great body of theologians vehemently opposed him. His labors were, however, widely felt—he became superintendent of the University of Halle, great numbers of students rallied around him and his successors, and not only was his influence seen in theology, but Francke embodied his highest ideas of a christian life in his schemes of beneficence, and Handel transferred their spirit into his sublime harmonies. After his death his worth was acknowledged, and before long the champions of the Lutheran creeds united with the followers of Spener, to oppose what seemed a more formidable adversary.

From the Platonism of Alexandria downward, systems of philosophy have always greatly modified and have often tyrannized over religious faith. Protestantism furnished no exception to the general law. Descartes, the founder of modern philosophy, whose wonderfully bold, original and enterprising genius is not sufficiently recognized by English writers, had indeed no special religious object in his speculations. But his followers, Spinoza and Malebranche, governed by a very different spirit one from another, but almost equally pantheistic in their tendencies, set up the intrusive throne of philosophy in the most sacred retirements of religion,—while one great task of Leibnitz, the compeer and rival of Newton, was to reconcile the conflicting claims of reason and revelation. His disciple, Wolf, spent his life in reducing the ideas of Leibnitz to formulas, and in framing them into a basis for religious truth.

Having once associated herself as a co-ordinate power with revelation, philosophy grew daily more exacting. From attempting to find a philosophical basis for religious truth, she soon came to regard herself as the sole discoverer and authority; thus supplanting revelation and throwing it into contempt. Philosophy, with Liebnitz, was believing. With Kant, though he strove to infuse a conscience into metaphysics and to establish the immortality of the soul, its tendencies were skeptical. Under the influence of Schilling, Fichte, and Hegel, the fashion grew of treating Christianity with a certain patronizing, supercilious contempt—adopting its words and rejecting its ideas, until at length, though preserving some of the shows of respect, it seems to have become both Christless and Godless.

With this invasion of theology by philosophy, and partly its occasion, appeared a new element. The English Deism of Lord Herbert, Shaftsbury, Tindal and Bolingbroke, and others, and the Skepticism of the French Encyclopædists and Voltaire were diffused by active propagandists in Germany. This Naturalism of France, equally gross and frivolous, had a great currency. And yet it was not the form of skepticism specially congenial to the German mind. But when Mendelsohn clothed it in a certain mild, sentimental religionism; and Lessing had given it the attraction of solid learning, logic, and a clear and forcible style; it appeared in a form which commended itself to serious-minded students and thinkers.

Lessing's name stands in the foremost rank of German critics and scholars, and from the publication of the 'Wolfenbuttel' fragments, and other writings in which he assailed the reality of the christian miracles, dates a new era in German theology. M. de Saintes considers that Rationalism had its origin in the alarm excited by these writings among theologians.

At any rate, owing to the combined causes to which we have referred, a crisis had come in the religious history of Germany. The established creeds had lost much of their authority; the theories of inspiration held by the reformers, which threw a sanctity around even the words of the Bible, had been to a great extent abandoned, the rights of reason in interpreting and controlling faith had been widely discussed with various conclusions, and now not only among the gross and vicious, but among thinkers and scholars had arisen a large and growing class of men who denied the reality of the christian miracles and asserted their essential incredibility and even impossibility.

It was evident that the old arguments of Christianity were no longer sufficient for this new state of things. Called forth by the exigency of the times, there now appeared a more thorough scholarship, more just principles of interpretation and a more scrutinizing inquiry into the true grounds of christian faith. The result on one side has been a far better understanding of the sacred scriptures, a vast accumulation of critical and historical learning, and a careful examination of the foundations on which christian belief rests. In this way much has already been done for faith, and the final result of such studies must be the promotion of truth. But at the same time there was another tendency. The first effort of such men as Ernesti and Semler in resisting the influx of Rationalism, was to disencumber Christianity, as ought to have been done, of everything hostile to reason; but afterwards on the part of their followers the tendency was to keep out of sight and to throw doubt on whatever did not find sufficient evidence in reason itself. There grew up in Germany a morbid terror of admitting any divine interference in human affairs, and an unwillingness to admit any light except that which shone out of the human mind in its unassisted workings.

Here was the commencement of modern Rationalism. It proceeded on step by step. One book after another was rejected from the canon. One doctrine after another in the creed was subjected to criticism. Theology was divorced from religion. Some writers, like Paulus, admitted the general truth of the gospel narrations, but rejecting every thing supernatural, endeavored to eliminate the miracles. And finally in our day, Rationalism seems to have come to its last results in such writers as Strauss, who not only reject the miraculous, but consider the gospel as a mere compilation of fabulous legends and myths.

To give any account of the history of Rationalism, is of course impossible here. We have done what we wished, if we have presented some intelligible view of the state of things which preceded it. But before leaving the subject there are some general remarks which suggest themselves to our minds.

It cannot be doubted, whatever the influence in other respects, that theological learning owes much to many scholars who belong to the Rationalistic ranks. They have torn away from christianity much that was adventitious and false, and while intending quite the contrary, have collected the materials of a more settled faith. Like Emerson's architects "they builded better than they knew."

But on the whole, in reading the history of Rationalism in Germany, one traverses as dreary a moral desert as can well be imagined. There is something both shocking and contemptible in the position occupied by the leading Rationalists. A great part of them have been pastors of Evangelical churches, professing to receive and teach the formulas of the orthodox faith, or have held theological professorships in the Universities. They have thus obtained their livelihood, by giving a feigned support to precisely that faith which it was the great business of their lives to subvert and destroy. It has been among them almost a settled thing that the preacher was quite distinct from the scholar; and that while in his office he was bound to teach the people according to the recognized standards, and to lay aside his individual opinions; it was permitted him to believe whatever he pleased as a scholar. Thus they have preached about the resurrection of Christ to the people, but derided the idea of it in their writings for scholars. They have warned the people of the retributions of futurity in their sermons, and in their own minds, in many cases did not believe in the personal immortality of man. Rationalism has lived under the shadow of the altar, while endeavoring to undermine it. Had it stated in simple language what it believed and what it rejected, it would have been repelled from the church by the moral sense of mankind. But it retained the use of christian words and phrases, though with an utterly changed meaning. Its adherents claimed to be christians, but they have meant it in one sense and led the people to think it in another. The case of multitudes of Rationalist Theologians, has been very much the same as if Gibbon or Paine had held a living in the English Church, and claimed to be christian believers. Their position has been dishonest and debasing in the extreme. While you respect their learning, you are almost compelled to despise the men, either for their want of moral honesty or moral courage.

Those who have not occupied this false position, have certainly occupied a very melancholy one. They have devoted themselves to the study and illustration of those writings to which they have attached no religious authority, and from which they could derive little religious advantage. They might help others, but they were themselves excluded from enjoying any benefit from the Scriptures. They have been like the spirit which Scott describes, which had no life beyond the earth, and to whom the Bible was a sealed book which it could only give to others but not open for itself.

The merits of German scholarship are, we think, very much misapprehended. It has been confined, so far as it is valuable, chiefly to history, philology and criticism. It has done much to settle the text of Scripture and to ascertain the meaning of its words. It has also delved into the records of the past and given to the world results from its historical labors of the greatest value. But the German mind seems to be as unfitted for any useful speculation, as it is fitted for the laborious and patient collection of facts and opinions. After all that is said of German philosophy, speculation, and theology, since the time of Kant, what have they done? Literally nothing but to build up theories one day, to be thrown down the next. Their vaunted systems might all be lost, another Omar might burn them all, and the world would lose nothing.

The Germans are commonly described as peculiarly spiritual. We see no evidence of spirituality in frittering life away in building up trumpery systems of metaphysics which have no practical relations to the growth of a manly, righteous and devout soul. The study of mathematics is quite as spiritual. The German religiousness, which is thought to be so beautiful and promising, is very much like the sentimental benevolence which we sometimes see, soft and melting on the surface and hard as flint within. The German race is peculiarly a sensual one. They are well represented by the emigrants who land in shoals on our coast, and whose ideas can scarcely be raised above selfish and gross pleasures and money-making. Of course the exceptions are many, but we speak of the tendencies of a race. The German heaven seems to be a beer-shop, music and a dance under the trees. Luther and his compeers were noble exceptions. But in German history since then, how little of that vigorous spirituality has been seen which gave character to the Puritans and enabled them to live and die for ideas.

There are those who fear the spread of Rationalism in this country. We have no such fears. If connected with Christian churches, it will be felt to be so deficient in honesty of position that it will die out. When it disconnects itself from churches and lays aside Christian names and phrases, it will stand on the same ground as any system of philosophy, and be seen to be as incompetent as any other to meet the religious wants of the human soul. We may have infidelity, and doubtless shall have, but it is likely for a long time yet to take the manlier form of straightforward denial. Rationalism may smooth the way for this, but in its true form it cannot long exist or widely spread.

We are not disturbed by the occasional appearance of infidelity. Christianity has better support than the arguments of theologians. It has great allies—the wants, sorrows, hopes, aspirations of the human soul. It has for witnesses, the best hopes, the most heroic and disinterested purposes and sacrifices, the noblest thoughts of the last eighteen centuries. And above all it has the inward experiences of devout souls, and the good fruits of Christian lives. Until something more practical, more divine and more efficient for good can be discovered, Christianity will vindicate the assertion of its author, that though heaven and earth should pass away, his words will not pass away.

The President's Message.—President Fillmore has sent a message to the two houses of Congress, upon the present dispute between Texas and New Mexico. The President sustains the policy of the late executive, and says that if necessary he shall employ the authority of the general government. He recommends the immediate settlement of the Texan boundary question by an act of Congress, as the best and most speedy means of terminating the dispute.

Nomination to Congress.—The Hon. Samuel A. Eliot has been nominated by the Whigs of Boston for Congress, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Winthrop.

☞ We would call attention to a notice in another column, of a Fair to held by our friends in Bernardston, on Thursday, August 15.

JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA.

Extracts from a Traveller's Note Book.

The country east of Jerusalem has not been generally visited by travellers till within the last few years. The roving Bedouins, who inhabit it, looked on every stranger as lawful booty and hated him accordingly. Whoever went from Jerusalem to Jericho was sure to fall among thieves, and consequently there were not many, who cared to illustrate our Saaiour's parable. Latterly, however, things have improved a little. It has become less perilous to visit Jordan and the Dead Sea, and an excursion into that region is now necessary to complete the education of an Eastern traveller. But woe to him, who goes without a guard. He will be scented by the harpies and plundered for his temerity as surely as he tries it. An Englishman had the courage or carelessness to attempt the journey alone, a year or two ago. He returned to Jerusalem, the day after his departure with a hat upon his head; otherwise he was clad in the simple garments nature originally bestowed upon him. It was fortunate for him, that the climate of Palestine is mild.

We bargained with a sheik by the name of Mustapha, brother of one Abdallah, who is a still more powerful chieftain, to escort us from Jerusalem to Jericho, the Jordan and back, for the sum of eight hundred piastres, (forty dollars.) Mustapha was one of the best specimens of an Arab, which I recollect to have seen. He was full six feet tall, and so admirably proportioned, that you would not notice his height. His eye flashed when he spoke, like the light which gleamed from his trusty blade, and his step was as free and fearless as the winds of the desert over which he roved. His striped blanket hung about him in folds as graceful, as ever the toga dropped from the shoulders of Marcellus or Cæsar. Often did I watch him, marching at the head of his clan, and marvelled at the inborn grace and beauty of this child of nature. When we asked him if he could conduct us in safety to our journey's end, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his hand upon his heart, replied, "My life shall answer for yours;" and he performed his promise. His followers were a strong and active looking set of Arabs, but none of them bore, like him, the stamp of nature's nobility. He ruled as it were of course. His turban and blanket served him for clothes by day and pillow and bed at night. When we pitched our tents at night and he had set his guard, he would fold his blanket about him, and lay down upon the sand to sleep. The music of the winds lulled him to rest and the stars watched his slumbers. He never complained of the close and heavy air of his chamber, or rose with a headache from a bed of down. Oh! what a difference between his iron frame and erect stature and firm yet elastic tread, and the crouching form and sallow face and feeble step of the exercise-taker, on his daily walk around the Mall or Battery.

We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate, and riding half way around the walls of the tower to St. Stephen's gate, across the site of Titus' camp, crossed the valley of Jehosaphat and the brook Kedron to the mount of Olives. Mustapha with his escort, consisting of thirty wild men of the desert, awaited our approach on the southern side of the mountain. His followers were clad like himself in turbans and blankets, and each one carried a gun of enormous length, resembling an old revolutionary fowling-piece. Some of them had pistols stuck into the gaily colored shawls, which encompassed their waists. Mustapha alone wore a sword at his side, the insignia of a chieftain. The environs of Jerusalem are cheerless and barren to the extreme. But I doubt if imagination ever pictured a scene so utterly desolate as its eastern borders—anciently known as the wilderness of Engeddi. For miles there is scarcely a green thing to be seen, not even a tuft of thistles or a mullen stalk upon which to rest the eye. I could see sand, sand and nothing but sand all about me. The plains are covered with sand; there is sand on the mountains, sand in the valleys and sand every where. The sun is hot above, but its rays are heated seven-fold by the sand upon which they strike, and are reflected with scalding heat upon the traveller's face. If we saw a man gliding along the horizon, we at once suspected him to be an enemy, and straightway began to reckon up the chances of a fight. Even animals and birds of a kindly nature seem to dread this sand wilderness. The vulture and hawk hovered above us by day, and the jackall and hyena howled around our tents by night.

Such was the desert through which we passed. A curse seems to rest upon it. In less than two hours from the time we left Jerusalem, we found ourselves on the borders of this dreary waste. Mustapha then arranged us in a sort of military order. He divided his troop into two bands, one of which, commanded by himself, led the van, while the other brought up the rear. Our humble selves were placed in the centre. How far there was any real danger, I do not know; but at any rate, our guards were always on the alert. Scouts were kept in advance, whose forms could be seen on the distant hilltops, as they looked about for hostile tribes that might be prowling near. In this way, we continued on our march across the desert. Towards evening, we reached the borders of a broad plain, where clusters of trees and fields of bright green grass told of fertility. What a delicious relief it was, after toiling over that furnace of sand, to meet an oasis of fresh, cool greensward, studded with trees, whose leaves played with the evening breeze and exchanged glances with the springs of water that gushed forth beneath them. My wearied horse seemed to appreciate the feelings of his rider, and expressed his delight by galloping over the grass and through the trees. But my gallop was not of long continuance. We soon came to the ruins of an ancient building, near an Arab village, around which were fields of unripe grain, and beyond them a forest, resembling a park of trees. That village is the modern town of Jericho, and the ruined house, if Catholic tradition may be credited, once belonged to Zaccheus. Here we pitched our tents, built our watch-fires, ate our evening meal and slept quietly, under the watchful care of our Arab guardians.

Jericho at the present day is little more than a name. I could not discover even the foundations of its ancient walls. A few mud cottages alone remain to mark the site of the city of Palms. Trees are growing and wild flowers blooming over its streets. The curse which Joshua laid upon the place is fulfilled. No man has risen up to build its walls, or lay again its foundations. The trees grow so thickly around it now, that the brave old general of the Israelites would find it a difficult matter to march his host even once around it.

Mustapha entertained us before retiring by an Arab dance and feast. We were told that it was customary for travellers to make some present to their escort occasionally—backsheesh, it is called—in addition to the stipulated pay. A sheep is frequently given them wherewith to make merry. As we were anxious to keep on good terms with our wild protectors, we did not forget the custom. We accordingly directed Mustapha to procure a sheep for himself and his companions at our expense. He did so, and invited us to be present at the slaying. We accepted the invitation, and witnessed a scene that might, at least, be called unique. In the first place, Mustapha assembled all his company, excepting those on duty as sentinels, and marshalled them in a semi-circle near the watch-fire. He then placed himself before them and commenced singing a sort of unintelligible, monotonous chant, with a chorus, which sounded like ya, lala ya la. His companions gradually, one after another, joined in the chant, and all kept time by clapping their hands together. At first their voices were low and bodies motionless, but as their chieftain elevated his voice, they raised theirs. He then began to swing his body to and fro, with a measured movement, which his followers imitated. As his excitement increased, his voice grew louder, and his motions more rapid and extravagant, while his eyes flashed brighter than the lurid flame which streamed up and flickered among the trees, and the expression of his countenance became almost unearthly. He sung and leaped before the fire as only an Arab could. His tribe imitated him in every thing. They clapped as he clapped, sprung as he sprung, and leaped as he leaped. At length, as the grand finale approached, he snatched his sword from its scabbard, and, whirling the blade above his head, commenced a series of jumps and gyrations that would have made Ellsler or Taglioni insane. The whole tribe of Arabs caught their chieftain's spirit. They yelled, and screamed, and sung, and jumped, and whirled their bodies and kicked their feet in unison. In the flickering and uncertain light of the fire that burned before them, they might have been aptly taken for a band of demons, celebrating their nightly orgies, or for fire-worshippers preparing for sacrifice. The flashing of their weapons, their loose garments floating in the wind, and their unearthly though measured cries would have alarmed those who had not become accustomed to Arab life. Suddenly they ceased. Every voice was stilled, and every limb was motionless. One of their number sprang from the circle, caught the sheep which lay bound and frightened before the fire, and drew a sword across its throat. Another movement and the quivering flesh was roasting upon the coals. Then the dance began anew. But we were satisfied with the show and its disgusting termination, and so left Mustapha and his clan to their own enjoyment.

On the next morning, an hour's ride from Jerico, brought us to the River Jordan. Its banks are green and fertile. The stream itself is narrow and rapid, and, at the point we reached it, muddy. Wild flowers grow abundantly along its side, and dip their leaves into its waters. In some places, the trees from either side mingle their branches above its current, and form an arbor over it. We all dismounted, both Arabs and Franks, to bathe our faces in the stream that is sacred alike to the Jew and Moslem and Christian. Some even stripped themselves and plunged into its sacred waters, but most contented themselves with simply washing in them. We should have been glad to have lingered there longer and yielded ourselves to the influences of the place, but Mustapha hurried us on, either out of real or pretended fear of the neighboring tribes. So we mounted our horses and rode away. We did not follow the course of the river southward, but continued in a direct line to the Dead Sea. In a couple of hours, or a little more, we traversed the dry, sandy plain that forms the northern border of that sea, and came in sight of the ancient residence of the Sodomites. The lake which flows, or rather lays, above their abodes, (it can scarcely be said to flow,) is of a greenish dark color, and of an exceedingly bitter taste. I put my hand into it, and from the slimy, itching, and unpleasant sensation which followed, I did not care to do more. I was willing to trust the evidence of those who have bathed in it, and been buoyed up by its waters, as if in a lake of pitch. Unfortunately, as our party was not composed of savans on a scientific expedition, but of simple tourists, seeking to gratify their curiosity, we soon departed. An hour or two by the Dead Sea was quite enough to satisfy us. As to whether birds can fly over it, or fish live it, or islands float upon it, or preserved men and women be found beneath it, I cannot tell. The latter part I should think by no means improbable. I picked up a few stones along the beach as souvenirs of my visit, and then rode away. Indeed there is scarcely anything at the Dead Sea to detain the unscientific traveller beyond an hour. The scene is one of unmitigated desolation. Asphaltum, sand, and brine are there concentrated in a valley that does not produce a single green thing, save a few shrubs that bear either an ashy-colored fruit, (apples of the Dead Sea,) or a sandy-colored flower that tries to be pink. I felt relieved, could breathe easier, when I had left the sea out of sight behind me. I am glad to have seen it, but was satisfied with a glance. C.

Passage of an Iron Bar through the Head.

We have received from Ticknor & Co. an authentic account by Dr. H. J. Bigelow, of the most extraordinary accident that we ever heard of. On the 13th of Sept., 1848, Phineas P. Gage, a shrewd and intelligent man, aged 25, in charging a rock which he was blasting, was in the act of consolidating the powder, when an explosion took place, and the iron bar with which he was working, three feet and seven inches long, one and a quarter inches in diameter, the upper end pointed, passed in at his left cheek and out at the top of the head, having gone almost through the middle of the brain. The iron was picked up at a distance of some rods, smeared with brains and blood. The young man was carried by his men in a state of consciousness to an ox-cart, rode sitting erect three quarters of a mile, got out of the cart himself, and, with a little assistance, went up stairs, all the while perfectly clear in mind. In a few months the wound was entirely healed, and the patient is now living. The iron bar may be seen in the Museum of the Massachusetts Medical College. These facts are placed beyond all question in the pamphlet before us, and furnish new evidence to show how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

Obsequies in Honor of President Taylor.—The obsequies in honor of the late President will be celebrated in this city on Thursday, August 15. Arrangements are making for a most imposing pageant. We understand that a magnificent funeral car will be constructed, and that invitations have been, or will be, extended to all parts of the State, and to associations of every nature to take part in the ceremonies. It is expected that the military portion of the display will be very imposing.

[For the Register.]

LINES.

I pledge you in a cup not over brimming:
Though heirs to all,—God knows our weak hearts best,
And tempts us gently from our downy nest
To the wide air,—yon fresh horizon dimming,
And tempering to our thought, the abysses gleaming
Beyond: Eternity 's severe, pure light
Soft prismed by Time—and Love the Infinite
Through human founts intelligibly streaming;
Teach us that Heaven withholdeth but to fill;
Grasping, thou wouldst lose all; wait then and see—
In the old press of Duty steadfast still—
How comes the unexpected God to thee,
How the wild Future that now mocks thy clasp
Lies trembling in the Present's nervous grasp. W.

"Dr. Webster.—Dr. Webster still remains—and is likely to be hung as—'Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College.'" [N. Y. Independent.

We have looked upon it as one of the pleasant indications of liberality in our day, that no paper, however hostile to Harvard College, has, so far as we have seen, attempted in any way to bring odium on the University because of the fearful crime perpetrated by one of its professors. The above extract, from the Boston Correspondent of N. Y. Independent, is the first ungenerous fling of the kind that has come to our notice, and it is unworthy of the liberal character of the paper in which it appears. It is not true that Dr. Webster still remains "Erving Professor in Harvard College." Very soon after his conviction, all official connection between him and the college ceased by his resigning his professorship, with an expression of thanks to the corporation for not prejudging his case.

[For the Register.]

San Francisco, June 6, 1850.

David Reed, Esq.—

Dear Sir,—I thought something might be said from this strange place, and will commence with a few remarks on the passage outward. From New York towards the equator, I took the route recommended by Lieutenant Maury, which is more direct than the old or eastern one, and found we passed to windward of the great elbow of South America without difficulty, proving, in other words, that the winds and facilities for making progress into the southern hemisphere are better on the American than on the African side of the Atlantic. Our fast-sailing Canton ships may have adopted this route, but generally the old way of running to the eastward is stereotyped upon the mind of the uninitated, who should know that the route here proposed is no visionary thing, but the grouping together of facts and data of great interest and value. The books and charts embodying the directions are given freely to those who ask for them, requesting only in return the noting on accompanying forms the changes of wind and temperature, of air and water, and other phenomena, bearing on navigation, or interesting, as is observed, to the philosopher. The diagrams need studying, as the different seasons indicate several points of difference in the direction of the trades. In passing along Buenos Ayres and Patagonia a ship should keep well in shore, as the soundings extend a great way from land, and upon them the sea is smoother and weather more settled than in the ocean to the eastward. The passage into the Pacific, through the Straits of Magellan, should not be attempted in a square-rigged vessel; the prevailing winds are from the west, and come down the gorges of the mountains and along the course of the Estuary, in gusts causing damage often, and the necessity of putting back to anchorage to await, it may be, a similar repetition of defeats and delays. Off Cape Horn, if the winds are strong from the west, which they almost invariably are, a ship should proceed south; when the equilibrium of the atmosphere gets restored in milder weather and more favoring gales, the fall of the barometer need not be feared, for its action is very sluggish in these high latitudes. In crossing the equator, on this side, I should never at any season keep to the east of 105 west longitude, and, during the rains on the Central American coast, should observe a greater distance still from the continent. Moreover, there is nothing gained at any season by this proximity to the coast, for, on approaching California, a ship should be 800 to 1000 miles to the west of her port when she reaches its parallel of latitude; for within this region the north winds blow with the regularity of trade, making the northing very difficult of attainment. As to the stopping place, this depends upon circumstances. At Callao there is a safe and commodious roadstead, easy of access at all times, where good fresh water may be had with convenience. At some seasons fruit is abundant, fresh beef is the best on the coast, and cheap—other supplies are high. The city of Lima may interest from its past historic associations, rather than from anything within itself at present; the traveller may compare what he sees with his own or other countries, note the evidences of bygone civilization, but to find pleasure and entertainment he cannot go far from home anywhere to meet with disappointment.

San Francisco is the same cold and windy place that I knew it in 1824–5, when it was uncomfortable to work in the rigging without a jacket in the summer, and the same that it was in all probability when the Saurian ceased to move on its surface, and the hills began to upheave. There is an impress of permanence on this ocean, a strength and breadth of natural feature not elsewhere to be found. The mountain range from Magellan to Beehring gives character to the winds and climate, a great way from land; but about this bay, from a variety of local causes, peculiar and marked configuration of the land, heat of the sun acting on a bare soil, the winds blow fresh in the afternoon over this ridgy peninsula upon which the town stands, giving to the place its worst fame, raising the dust of which we hear so much, lowering the temperature, and in the total suppression of rain in the summer, making this season both trying and uncomfortable. In the winter, floods of rain pour down the streets, which, mixing in with the light pulverized soil, makes out-door locomotion almost as bad as the summer dust. These evils can be remedied to a great extent if permanence become stamped upon the place, and they do not very sensibly affect indoor life. The climate is healthy, I should think very much so; the inhabitants are new, coming from long voyages, from overland, from the mines; with altered diet and habits of life it is not strange that the constitution should in some of its functions disclose uneasiness in the change, and there is probably the presence of a slight malaria existing near the water, which causes an intermittent of short duration, and of no serious result, unless it have an up-river origin. This is an ordeal which many have to pass through who come to California, but the friends of the climate, who are numerous, would be loth to acknowledge this much to its disparagement. The mornings are very pleasant; there is a serenity peculiarly soothing and delightful. At 11, A. M., a stir of air begins, at 1, P. M., it has freshened to a good breeze, at 4 it possesses all its strength, at 5 it gets cold, at sunset the winds moderate, and evenings are cold. The mercury in my barometer stands about 30 inches, if it falls below that, small cirri will be observed in the heavens, and the wind will continue through the night in flaws. The bay is one of the grandest in the world; the wind and tide facilitate movement in all directions; the boldness of hilly outline insures it from sands and shoals, and, at the same time, there is no inconvenient depth of water. If the surrounding country justify reasonable expectations as to its resources, of which gold, we hope, is but the stepping-stone, this magnificent sea will form the outlet and inlet of a populous and interesting country. We associate civilization so completely with the North-Atlantic, and its tributary seas, that it appears new to turn hitherward to witness great strides and struggles in its behalf. I do desire to see it succeed, to act upon our population, and through them upon the wretchedness of Europe, whose worn out institutions and burdens should meet every rebuke which this western world can give them. Westward, ho! seems to be the watchword now, and you may build your railroad without questioning the propriety or waiting for minor points to adjust themselves. When we were here before, in my earliest peregrination, in my 15th year, for I am ambitious of appearing young, we were sole monarch of all these waters, the very wonder of the birds of the air, as we beat across the bay, and the beasts of the hills. This spot was a desolation, not a house, not a hut, to my remembrance; now man's energy in its excess is every where visible. In the bay are a fleet of vessels that would make large ports in the world succumb in point of comparison, but how shorn are many of those proportions which give interest to a ship; their yards wanting and a-cock-bill, wrong and irregular angles and incompleteness everywhere, a mark for the elements, the sun, wind, and rain doing their destroying work; many of them have become store-ships, have lost their character as sea-ships, and can never leave this place again. The first fleet that came here were intentionally abandoned; they were old vessels, and the owners at home were quite willing to get them out of sight, to leave the whole matter to the tender mercy of the crew and the insurance, for better or worse, as it might appear, some indefinite time to come. Now a better levelled condition of labor is gained, better ships, with higher resolve, find themselves equal to anything they attempt, as in other places; but the shipowner should know, that labor and every inducement to the desertion of a ship are still completely triumphant; that expense and trouble, not known elsewhere, attend every movement; that enormous wages still rule, and that these things will continue while the mines present those golden hopes and tangible results which they now do. A number of these ships will cross the Pacific and load in the Eastern ports for England; thus free trade is opening newer avenues, and, let it but have its couse, and great amelioration will ensue from it to mankind. Restrictions upon trade and commerce have cursed the world through the whole of its commercial epoch, and should be now abandoned for simpler, juster, cheaper assessments, for nobler views of man's mutual and universal relationship and dependence. This living within oneself—there is no magnanimity in it and but a low patriotism—it is injurious to the material interests, and repugnant to Christianity, which comprehends not sections but the whole human family of man. What a commentary is France upon this policy; it has done as much to depress her civilization, to make her a reproach and a by-word to the world, as anything else. The sea-water at the back of Havre is denied to the poor fishermen, who have found out that the watery particles disappear on exposure to the atmosphere and salt remains, so necessary to them, taken from the simple and beneficent manufactory of Providence! What can be thought of a nation whose intelligent statesmen just begin to perceive the perversity and fallacy of such a government as this.

The character of this place is much better than I expected. From the pursuit, the leading idea of men's minds, of gold, the rapid accumulation, much was not anticipated. It was known that the refuse of the South Sea, of Botany Bay were here, and they are here, but they are a distinctive people; they are betrayed in the streets, they retire into their own haunts, to their gambling places, and do not mingle with our population, and will be put down when their cloven foot appears prominent. The bull-fights are a relic of Spanish taste, but there is a sentiment existing against them which affords them no encouragement. The recent disposition of the people, as manifested on a public occasion of late, to require of their public servants lofty aims and purposes, disinterested motives and conduct in the administration of their city government, is certainly worthy the American character, and none could have been present in that assemblage without feeling that California is safe in such hands. But unfortunately those refinements which depend upon a more equal distribution of the sexes, where woman may exert her controlling power, are wanting here, and the place differs in consequence. But let me not be mistaken, there is nothing to deter her from coming here; nothing in this disparity so fatally conspicuous or reprehensible as we were led to suppose; nothing to diminish her enjoyment or feeling of security; she can move about the streets here with less fear of insult than in New York; she, or others, need not observe anything out of the way, unless they put themselves out of the way to find it; she may neither be homesick nor unhappy; there are plenty of the good and true to welcome her, to be with her while here and around her. But men neglect themselves when alone, and it has become almost an axiom to tax woman with the complexion of our future life; if she can thus sustain society, then California cannot do without her. Better the iron money of Sparta, and her rude manners, than all this gold, if with it we cannot have that social and domestic life and virtue which is the peculiar office of woman to cherish.

[For the Register.]

LABOR ON THE SABBATH.

To a farming community where the rewards of the husbandman, for his toils and privations under a burning sun, depends very much upon quality as well as the quantity of his produce, the temptation to labor on the last Sabbath, and secure produce exposed to the storm of the preceding week, was very great, nor is it strange that in many instances, professing christians yielded to this temptation.

The right or wrong of such labor has often been discussed, and I have no wish to discuss it anew. To my mind the question is not to the right or wrong of this one act, under these peculiar circumstances, but is rather, what will be the influence of this act upon the community? If the influence of this example of labor on the Sabbath, is bad upon surrounding beholders, then must the act itself be bad; but if no on

healthful influence goes out from such example, then would it be right? The tendency of the present age, among a certain class at least, is towards a non-observance of the Sabbath and a violation of the sacredness of the day in many different ways; whatever tends to countenance or encourage this spirit, should be carefully guarded against by every lover of peace and good order.

We have but lately returned from a convention at Worcester, to aid in bringing about a better observance of this day, but are not professing Christians daily exerting an influence, for bad, or good, far more powerful than all conventions?

Many things, not in themselves wrong, professing Christians should not allow themselves to do on the Sabbath, if by so doing they exert a bad influence. Many professing Christians would do widely different from what they now do, did they consider the influence they are exerting upon those around them.

We as Yankees are everywhere known as being a shrewd, calculating, money getting, and money worshipping people, always in a hurry, driving, or being driven by a press of business, which leaves no time for reflection, or improvement of the mind, during six days of the week, and I would respectfully ask all those who are influenced by no higher motive, if after six days of unremitting toil in the pursuit of wealth, it is too much to devote the seventh to reading, reflection, the improvement of their own hearts, and more than all, in returning thanks to the Author of their being, for the "early and the latter rain," and for those fruits of the earth which alone reward the labors of the husbandman.

R. B.

[For the Christian Register.]

MESSRS. EDITORS—Will you gratify me by inserting in the Register the enclosed extract from the Life of Sterling, which I have just been reading with the deepest interest, and which seems to me so specially pertinent to the times, that I should be glad to hope this extract might induce any publisher to reprint the Life separately from the Essays—or at least, that some of your readers who have access to it, may soon make themselves acquainted with its rich contents. Very truly yours,

W. S.

THE SPIRIT OR NEGATION, TO BE REGULATED BY PRACTICAL LIFE.

"In consequence of Sterling's complete withdrawal from the practical ministerial life, the negative tendencies of his theological speculations were continually gaining strength. Such a negative element exists in all minds; and only by its proper subjugation can the intellect and will of the individual be brought into harmony with the universal. As I have said in another place, (the Guesses at Truth), Man's first word is *Yes;* his second, *No;* his third and last, *Yes:* and while the bulk of men stop short at the first, very few attain the third. For it is not to be obtained once for all, nor ever completely. The negative spirit will abide with us so long as their is evil in ourselves; and it ought to abide with us so long as there is evil in the world. For this is its office, to deny that evil, to strive against, and to annul it. Hence it is especially strong in those who are framed for energetic action,—in those who, beholding the enormous evils in the existing state of things, are seized with a burning desire to relieve the world from them. When this spirit is rightly regulated,—when the *No* is taken up into a higher *Yes*, as the negative commandments of the Law pass into the positive commandments of the Gospel,—when a man has come to the conviction that the only beneficial way of denying a prevalent falsehood is by asserting the opposite higher truth, and that in like manner, to overthrow evil, he must strive earnestly and perseveringly to establish good,—he who acts according to this conviction will, in one mode of action, become a patriotic hero,—in another a philosophic sage,—in another, though that atonement, which having sought, he will find, a saint. But in order that this negative tendency may be restrained from mischievous exaggeration, it requires almost indispensably to be counterbalanced and kept in check by the sobering influences of practical activity, which is under the necessity of taking the actual as the ground of its operations, and, unless in an age of chaotic revolution, ever uses what exists as a material for its new structures. On the other hand, when the waywardness and forwardness of the intellect are without that wholesome check, which arises from the need of shaping our speculations in conformity to the objects we have to deal with, a person is apt to run riot to mere negations, and may almost get at length to hear nothing but the echoes of his own *No* through all the recesses of his mind.—In truth, to the generality of minds, perhaps to all, but pre-eminently to those who are framed for vigorous action, action is a necessity, without the help of which, speculation will work itself up into a feverish disease.

Notices of New Publications.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. By D. R. Beattie, M. D. Harper & Brothers: New York. For sale in Boston by Crocker & Brewster.

We are glad to see this very entertaining biography reprinted in this country. The narrative is full,—abounding in anecdotes of literary men, and leaving on the mind of the reader a favorable, though in some respects a painful impression of the poet. It is a good book, and the introduction by Washington Irving, is in his pleasantest style. On the last page of the second volume are the words, showing the estimation in which three American writers were held by Campbell:

"Channing I consider superior as a prose writer to every other living author. Irving is a charming writer; there are great beauty, pure classic taste, and refined sensibility in everything that drops from his pen. Bryant I esteem as the great poet. His *Thanatopsis* is his finest production—he has never equalled—and no man can excel it; I never read the closing lines without being, I think, a better man."

RURAL HOURS. By a Lady. New York: George P. Putnam.

This goodly volume of 521 pages is said to be written by a daughter of Cooper, the novelist, and it certainly is a very agreeable volume. It goes through the different scenes of the year as a sort of diary, noting the different natural objects, plants, birds, fruit, &c., as they present themselves, with such remarks as have happened to occur to a woman of intelligence and taste. It has some pleasant pictures of country life, and offers us in a pleasant form a great deal of pleasant information. To those who live in cities it will give a good idea of what is going on in the country, and those who live in the country it will enable to understand and enjoy many things which otherwise might escape their notice.

MR. EVERETT'S BUNKER HILL ORATION. Boston: Redding & Co.

We are glad to hcve this admirable oration in a less ephemeral form than that in which is first came to us. We have never read anything of Mr. Everett's with more satisfaction. The picture of the battle is a remarkably vivid one. There may be fewer flashes of eloquence than in some of the author's early orations, but we are carried on by a stronger flow of thought. We wish it could be read in every house throughout the Union. Its stirring pictures and mature wisdom must, wherever they go, awaken a generous patriotism, and confirm it both as a feeling of national enthusiasm and as a solemn conviction of duty.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE loses nothing of its freshness, but pours out its weekly stores of thought, information and amusement.

EUROPE, PAST AND PRESENT: a Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History. With Separate Descriptions and Statistics of Each State, and a Copious Index. By Francis H. Ungerwitter, L.L. D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. pp. 671.

We copy the title in full as giving a good account of the book. It seems to be a most painstaking, well-arranged, and apparently reliable description of the different countries of Europe—containing first, an account of the area and population, surface, soil, natural products, manufactures, commerce and trade, public finances, form of government, strength of the army and navy, and the orders of honor; secondly, the history; and thirdly, the topography of each State. It is a sort of Guide Book to Europe, and it is a most convenient work to keep on the table for reference.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE: with Introductions, Notes, &c. By James Orchard Halliwell. Illustrated by Eminent Artists, with Engravings on Steel. Tallis, Willoughby & Co., London and New York. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is another admirable, serial edition of Shakspeare, which fairly rivals the one now nearly completed by Phillips, Sampson & Co. Each number is to contain two splendid steel engravings by artists of the first eminence. The publication begins with "The Tempest."

DR. JOHNSON: His Religious Life and his Death. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An excellent book on this subject might be made. The materials are abundant. But this is not the book. The editor is too anxious about his own views and feelings to let Dr. Johnson speak as he ought. Still, it contains much that is interesting.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR THE MARTYR. By Grace Aguilar. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the last work of its gifted authoress, a Jewess, who died at Frankfort, Sept. 1847, aged 31. It is a work of powerful dramatic interest, and, though Jewish, of a high religious tone.

RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION. A New Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

This little book prepared by Dr. Gannett, and full of excellent thoughts, is now offered for sale at less than half the former price, viz: thirty cents for a single copy, and twenty-five cents by the dozen.

GIBBON'S ROME, Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This cheap edition must do something to bring this greatest of historical works within the reach of all.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE of Foreign Literature for August. W. H. Bidwell editor. New York: 120 Nassau-st., contains its full proportion of instructive, entertaining and useful articles.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION. The following is the programme of the 21st annual meeting of the Association of Teachers and others interested in Education, which will be held at Northampton on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of the present month. It is taken from an official circular.

On Tuesday.—At 10 o'clock,—Remarks by the President. At 10 1-2 o'clock,—Introductory Lecture by Hon. Henry Barnard of Hartford Ct. —A. 2 1-2 P. M.—Lecture by Rev. J. P. Coles, Principal of Ipswich Female Seminary. At 7 1-2, Lecture by Rev. L. Whiting of Lawrence, on "The Schoolmaster's Originals."

On Wednesday.—At 9 o'clock,—Lecture by Barnum Field of the Franklin School Boston.—At 11,—Lecture by C. C. Chase, Principal of the High School, Lowell, Mass. At 2 1-2 P. M.—Lecture by J. D. Philbrick, Principal of the Quincy School, Boston, on the "Characteristics of the True Teacher." At 7 1-2,—Lecture by Rev. R. S. Rust, State Supt. of Schools in N. H.

On Thursday.—At 9 o'clock,—Lecture by Solomon Jenner of New York, on the "Importance of Early Training." At 11,—Lecture by Hon. A. Walker of Brookfield, on "Political Economy as a study for common Schools." At 2 1-2 P. M.—Lecture by Edward Wyman, of St. Louis. At 7 1-2,—Lecture by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D. of Boston.

The principle s of the several Lectures will be free for discussion, either immediately after their delivery, or at any time fixed on by the Institute; and all gentlement present are invited to take part in the discussion.

An exchange paper says; the citizens of Northampton have hospitably made arrangements for the gratuitous entertainment of female teachers, who attend, and the fare over the Railroads will be reduced one half to those going to attend the Institute.

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY. *Making a Slave of a Frenchman.* Our usually quiet little *vis-a-vis*, Algiers, was quite stirred up by a curious affair which occurred there on Saturday last. A man by the name of Hall, said to be a negro trader, went across the river in pursuit of a light mulatto slave, who he said, had escaped from his master in North Carolina. On inquiring of some mischievous negro for a person of the description of him he was in pursuit of, Hall was pointed to an individual of dark complexion, who sat in the bar room of Sallot & Rivoil.

Approaching him, Hall asked, sportively, to see his wrist, and while making some remarks about his shirt sleeves, slipped a pair of handcuffs on his arms, and then commenced dragging him towards the river. The poor fellow, thus unceremoniously treated, who proved to be a well known French or Creole citizen of Algiers, of the name of Hippolite Lieutand, immediately raised a cry for help, and a crowd gathered around them. "Come along, cried Hall, "I know you well; you belong to Col.——, in North Carolina. "*J ne, suis pas un naigre!*" exclaimed the poor Frenchman, quite lustily, appealing to his friends in the crowd to substantiate his averment.

Here the crowd interfered, and a constable coming up, both parties Hippolite and his would be abducter, were lodged in prison. Hippolite, however, was released after a while, and Hall was retained under a complaint for kidnapping, under the late act of the Legislature. This is certainly a strange affair, and ought to be investigated. People seem to think that there are no laws in this country, and that every man can make himself judge, jury, sheriff and executive, whenever he desires.—[N. O. Crescent, July 23.

TEXAS. The people of Texas are threatening loudly an appeal to arms to assert their claims over New Mexico. The following is the proclamation of the Governor of Texas, convening an extra session of the Legislature to take into consideration the boundary dispute and to determine what course shall be pursued.

Proclamation by the Governor of the State of Texas. Whereas, in the opinion of the Executive, an "occasion" has transpired since the adjournment of the Legislature, such as is contemplated in the constitution, rendering it necessary and proper to convene the Legislature of the State in extraordinary session—

Now, therefore, I, P. Hasbrough Bell, Governor of the State of Texas, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution, do, by these presents, hereby require that the Senators and Representatives composing the Legislature of this State shall assemble in special session at the capitol in the city of Austin, in the county of Travis, on the second Monday (the 12th day) of August next, to deliberate and take action upon, as their wisdom may direct, such matters as shall then and there be presented involving the honor and rights of the State. P. H. BELL.

WRECK OF THE LEXINGTON.—Exertions are now being made to raise the hull of the ill-fated Lexington. Two steamers are anchored at the spot where the steamer sunk. At the time of the loss of the Lexington, the night of January 13, 1840, a large amount of specie was on board. Workmen, under the direction of a competent engineer, are now engaged in raising the hull of the Lexington, which lies in the depth of about 130 feet of water, off Old Field Light, Long Island, about 12 miles from Bridgeport, Conn.

COMMERCE OF LIBERIA. Perhaps many of us are unaware that there is growing up on the western coast of Africa a large State, which promises to become the seat of lucrative and extensive business operations as well as a means of civilizing Africa and elevating the African race. The following statement of the commerce and productions of Liberia is taken from the Colonization Herald. It appears that the natural resources of the country are very great. Intelligent industry and capital are all that is needed to make the Republic of Liberia flourishing. The elements of wealth and prosperity abound there, and their developement would be an important means of regenerating and enlightening the benighted millions of Africa.

1. *Palm Oil.* is produced by the nut of the palm tree which grows in the greatest abundance throughout Western Africa.—The demand for it, both in Europe and America, is daily increasing, and there is no doubt that it will ere long, become the most important article of trade. The average import into Liverpool of Palm Oil, for some years past has been at least 15,000 tons, valued at about £400,000 sterling.

2. *Camwood, Red wood, Bar wood*, and other dyewoods, are found in great quantities in many parts of the country.—About thirty miles east of Bassa Cove, is the commencement of a region of unknown extent, where scarcely any tree is seen except the Camwood. This boundless forest of wealth, as yet untouched, is easily accessible to that settlement; roads can be opened to it with little expense, and the neighboring kings will readily give their co-operation to a measure so vastly beneficial to themselves. It is impossible to ascertain the amount of exports of these commodities to Europe and the United States, but it is very great, and employs a large number of vessels. One Liverpool house imported 600 tons, in a single year, worth about $50,000.

3. *Ivory* is procurable at all points, and constitutes an important staple of commerce. It is supposed that from $150,000 to 200,000 worth is annually exported.

4. *Gums* of different kinds enter largely into commercial transactions. The house, referred to above, imported, in three years, into Liverpool, of Gum Senegal, nearly $600,000.

5. *Dyes* of all shades and hues, are abundant, and they have been proved to resist both acids and light.

6. *Gold*,—which is found at various points of the Coast, from the Gambia to the Bight of Benin, and probably to a much greater extent—is obtained by the natives, by washing the sand, which is brought down from the mountains by the rivers.—As the purest and richest veins lie much deeper than those which are wore away by the attrition of mountain streams, the mountains only need to be explored, and the veins worked by scientific skill, to open sources of unlimited wealth. Even now, the shipment of this article from Sierra Leone in a recent year amounted in value to $300,000.

7. Besides these, may be specified wax, hides, horns, pepper, ginger, arrowroot, ground nuts' copper, mahogany, teak, and gambia wood. When we reflect that these are the materials spontaneously furnished by nature, which may be increased indefinitely by the application of industry and science, we cannot but wonder at the extent and variety of the resources of that beautiful country.

The amazing fertility of the soil affords facilities for supplying some of the most important commercial wants, among which may be enumerated the following:

1. *Cotton* of a very beautiful staple, yielding *two crops a year*, is indigenous, and thrives for twelve or fourteen years in succession without renewal of the plant.

2. *Coffee*, of a quality superior to Java or Mocha, is raised in Liberia, and can be cultivated with great ease to any extent. It bears fruit from thirty to forty years, and yields ten pounds to the shrub yearly. A single tree in the garden of Col. Hicks, (colonist,) at Monrovia, is said to have yielded sixteen pounds at one gathering.

3. *Sugar Cane* grows in unrivalled luxuriance, and as there is no frosts to be dreaded, can be brought to a much greater perfection than in our Southern States.

4. *Indigo, Caoutchouc, Tamarinds, Limes, Oranges, Lemons*, and many other articles, which are brought from tropical countries to this, might be added to the list. Indeed, there is nothing in the fertile countries of the East or West Indies which may not be produced in Western Africa.

THE SLAVE STATES AND THE FREE. The progress of the Free and Slave States is indicative of the merits of their respective political and social systems. In this view the following comparison is of great value:

	Free States.	Slave States.	Maj.
By the 2d section, article 1, of the Constitution, the representation in the House stood	35	30	5
By the 1st census,	57	43	6
By the 2d census,	76	63	13
By the 3d census,	103	78	25
By the 4th census,	123	89	35
By the 5th census,	141	99	42
By the 6th census (1840)	135	88	47

It must be remarked that since the last census, Wisconsin, with three members, Iowa, with two, Florida, with one, and Texas, with two, have been admitted, thus making the majority of the Free States 49. The present census will no doubt largely increase the disparity. The admission of California will of itself increase the majority to fifty-one.—[Albany Evening Journal.

The *National Intelligencer* says that the block of quartz from California for the National Monument has reached Washington. It is about eighteen inches square and eight inches thick, and is said to contain about $80 worth of gold. It is in a rough state at present, and without inscription. It will be placed in the monument as a contribution from California. Blocks of marble, granite, &c., have now been presented to the Board of Managers by every state in the Union, except Virginia and Connecticut—from the former two blocks are offered, one by the county of Rockbridge, and the other by the "Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Virginia," with an appropriate inscription to be deposited in the monument.

CHOLERA AMONG THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS. The reports from the great plains are very unfavorable. The cholera has raged fearfully among the emigrants for California. The St. Louis Republican estimates that two hundred and fifty died during the first week of June. Some trains were passed in which near every survivor was prostrated with the disease. A correspondent of the same paper gives the following list of the emigrants who have passed Fort Laramie this spring:—Men, 30,964: women, 439; children, 563; wagons, 7,113; horses, 19,386; mules, 6,471; oxen, 18,238.

LIBERAL BEQUESTS. Mr. Thomas F. Thompson of this city who died on Monday last, bequeathed $14,000 or upwards, to various charitable institutions, as follows:—The Protestant Episcopal Orphan Asylum, $4,000; the Asylum for the Blind, $2,000; the Deaf and Dumb Institution, $2,000; the Society for the Relief of Respectable Indigent Females, $2,000; the Widows and Orphans of Seamen, $2,000; the Society for the Relief of the Poor of the City, $2,000; and also the Moral Reform Society.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.

SEAMEN.—The Secretary of State has communicated to the two Houses a list of the number of Seamen registered in the United States for the past fiscal year, of which the subjoined is a recapitulation:

State.	Native.	Naturalized.	Total.
Maine	1050	16	1074
New Hampshire, ..	69	—	69
Massachusetts, ..	4062	120	4182
Rhode Island, ...	576	6	582
Connecticut, ...	38	1	39
New York, ...	2011	1	2012
New Jersey, ...	4	—	4
Delaware, ...	6	1	7
Maryland, ...	711	23	734
District of Columbia, ..	4	—	4
Virginia, ...	431	—	431
North Carolina, ..	22	—	22
Georgia, ...	134	5	139
Louisiana, ...	664	56	720
Florida, ...	53	12	65
Aggregate totals,	9,843	241	10,081

THE DEAF AND DUMB. At an examination of the Manchester (England) school for the deaf and dumb, the following letter was read, addressed by a deaf and dumb, and blind boy belonging to this State—a fellow pupil of Laura Bridgman—to a child similarly affected, in the Manchester Institution:

MAY 25, 1850.

I am deaf, and dumb, and blind, and am twenty years old. I have a new teacher, Mr. Wellington. I shall be able to talk through his fingers soon. My family live in Jamestown, Rhode Island, seventy miles from Jamestown to Boston. The blind boys can talk with their mouth. They are happy or not. I have been sweeping in my room, and sewing mats this morning. I did sew mats with the blind boys in the workshop yesterday. The blind men have a new workshop now. They look very nice. Do you work any yourself now? The blind girls do work in girl's part. So you like to go to school, and learn and study geography. I have five brothers and one sister. My sister Mary is married now; her husband's name is Mr. Hopkins; she was married last Thanksgiving. I did get wedding cake when I was at home last vacation. I should like to see you in England or Boston. Will you write a letter to me? OLIVER CASWELL.

—[Providence Journal.

SLAVE ESCAPED. A letter in the Bee states that a valuable negro, who had been at work as a blacksmith on the dry dock at Pensacola, arrived at Portsmouth, N. H. on the 29th inst., in a vessel from that place. Letters had been sent to Portsmouth to detain the black, in order that he might be returned, and the pilots and others were on the look-out for him. But the friends of humanity got wind of the matter, and on the arrival of the vessel, a few of the most energetic and active abolitionists went down to her, in the lower harbor, to obtain possession of the negro, but were resisted by the Captain, and forced to leave. They then procured a warrant for assault and battery, went down the second time with an officer, arrested the Captain, and summoned the negro as a witness. As soon as they reached the city, the Captain was suffered to go at large, and the slave was taken care of by his friends, and is now breathing the free air of liberty. The affair created considerable excitement.

MISSIONARIES.—Seven Baptist missionaries, with nine female assistants, sailed about a week since in the ship Washington Allston, for Burmah and Assam They were accompanied by two Assamese, who have been for some time residents of this country. They sailed on Thursday morning. Interesting religious services, appropriate to the occasion, were held on board ship at the time of their departure.

ELECTION FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS. The Governor of Massachusetts has ordered elections to be held in Districts No. 1, 2, and 4, for members of the Thirty-first Congress, on Monday, the 19th of August next, to fill the vacancies existing in those Districts.

☞ *The Ladies of the Unitarian Society* in Gloucester propose holding a FAIR, at the Town Hall, on the seventh and eighth of August, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the improvement of the interior of their Church.

They will offer for sale a variety of useful and ornamental articles, with a good assortment of Children's Clothing, wrought flannel, infant's dresses, &c.

Assistance from friends in other places will be gratefully received, and donations in any form may be sent to Messrs Crosby & Nichols, No 111 Washington street, or to Mr C. C. Smith, No 46 Kilby street, Boston, by whom they will be forwarded.

Gloucester, July 15. is3p j20

☞ *The Children's Mission.*—The Treasurer gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, in aid of "The Children's Mission to the children of the destitute."

From the First Christian Church in Boston, $25.00
" New North Church Sunday School, " 6.00
" Bulfinch street Church, " " 8.75
" South Congregational Church " " 31.35
" King's Chapel " " 20.00
" Sunday School of the Ch. of Saviour, " 17.50
" Hawes' Place Sunday School, South Boston, 2.83
" M.j. G. H. Crosman, as a donation, 5.00

BENJ. H. GREENE, aug10 Treasurer.

☞ *The Ladies of the Unitarian Society* in Bernardston propose holding a FAIR at the Town Hall, on THURSDAY, the 15th day of August, inst., the proceeds of which will be devoted to furnishing their Church, which is now being repaired.

A variety of useful and ornamental articles will be offered for sale, and a good supply of REFRESHMENTS will be furnished.

Assistance from friends in other places will be gratefully received.

Bernardston, August 6. aug10

☞ *Children's Mission.*—The Executive Committee would remind all the Sunday Schools interested in the Children's Mission, that the expenses of another quarter are now due; and any contributions, however small, will be gladly received by the Treasurer, B. H. GREENE, Esq. aug3

☞ MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI.—The Members of the MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI SOCIETY, are notified to meet in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, on THURSDAY, Aug. 15, 1850, at NINE o'clock.

aug3 3tis THOS. JACKSON, Sec'y.

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers* will meet at the residence of Rev. Richard Pike, in Dorchester, on Monday, P. M. next, (August 19th.)

aug10 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In Lynn, 28th inst, by Rev Mr Shackford, Mr Daniel B. Curtis to Miss Henrietta M. Bedlington, all of South Boston.

In Lowell, July 27, by Rev Mr Burnap, Mr Geo C. Howland to Miss Charlotte D Walker.

In Portland, 1st inst, Mr Francis H. Munroe, of Roxbury, Mass. to Miss Mary A. Murray, of P.

In New Bedford, 29th ult, by Rev Mr Prentiss, Dr John Honby, of England, late of the East India Medical service, to Mrs Maria L. Coggeshall, daughter of the late Hon Zabdiel Sampson, of Plymouth.

In Belchertown, June 26, by Rev S. Walcott, Mr Christopher S. Symms, of St Andrews, N. B. to Miss L. Maria King, of B.

In Newport, R. I. 5th inst, Henry G. Rice, jr. to Elizabeth Frances, daughter of the late Charles Thorndike, Esq.

In Mansfield, August 4, by Rev. D. W. Stevens, Professor Thomas S. Ridgway, jr. formerly of Pottsville, Penn., to Miss Harriette M. Fisher, of Mansfield.

DEATHS.

In West Cambridge, 3d inst, Mrs Anna L. widow of the late Charles Wellington, 67 yrs

In Worcester, 6th inst, Mr Samuel M. Burnside, 67 yrs.

In Fitchburg, 3d inst, widow Hannah Goodridge, 68 yrs. [New Hampshire papers please copy.]

In Chicago, Ill. 26th ult, Elizabeth Catherine, wife of Henry G. Taft, of Lowell, Mass., 32 yrs.

In St Louis, 24th ult, Mr G. W. Ayres, formerly of Boston, 42 yrs.

In East Bridgewater, 2d inst, Catherine Cushing, only daughter of Josiah S. and Mary Y. Eastman, 2 yrs.

At Watertown, on Tuesday last, Col. William P. Winchester, of typhoid fever, aged 49 yrs. He leaves an estate estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

MISS SOPHIA METCALF.

Died in Detroit, Mich., on the 28th July, Miss Sophia Metcalf, aged 36 years, daughter of the late Jesse Metcalf, Esq. of Providence, R. I.

From the Detroit Tribune of July 30th, whose senior editor had known her from childhood, we extract the following passages of a notice of her character.

Miss Metcalf's life has been one consecrated to all good. She was a member of the Unitarian Church in Providence, R. I., under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hall, and has there spent the most of her time, and interested herself in the establishment of a free church, of the same denomination, in the North part of that city. The gathering of children for the Sabbath School gave her particular delight.

She was an honor to her sex—a pattern of virtue, and a devoted Christian. The happy, peaceful and triumphant close of her life shed a lustre on her character, and must have carried conviction to the minds of all observers, of the value of those Christian principles which can impart such fortitude and serenity in the hour of death.

MRS. HARRIET WILDER.

Died, of consumption, in Geneva, Illinois, on the 22nd of July, Mrs. Harriet Wilder, wife of Mr. William C. Wilder, aged 48 years. Mrs. Wilder was a native of Leominster, Mass., and a member of the Unitarian Congregationalist Church of that town. In 1832, she, with her husband, went from Leominster to reside in Canada, and from there, in 1843, they removed to Illinois, and for the last five years have resided in Geneva. In the faithful and affectionate discharge of her duties, as a wife and a mother, she had strengthened the natural ties of domestic affection; and in the long sickness, of which she died, every kind, and gentle, and tender feeling of conjugal and filial affection was drawn out and exercised towards her. For the sake of her family, she at first desired to live, but in her last hours she was resigned to the will of God, and desirous to depart, and her long sufferings ended in a remarkably quiet and peaceful death. An unusually large concourse of people were assembled at the funeral, to testify their respect and affection for the deceased, and their sympathy with the bereaved family; and at the close of a beautiful day, as the sun was declining in the west, the long procession passed from the church to the grave, and her mortal remains were deposited in their place of final rest. A. H. C.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 326. 12½ cents

CONTENTS.

1. History of Pottery and Porcelain—Examiner.
2. Wanderings in Chili and Peru—Spectator.
3. London Gossip—Chambers' Journal.
4. Leigh Hunt's Autobiography—Spectator.
5. The Queens of Spain—Do.
6. The Rev. Arthur Carey—St Louis Presbyterian.
7. Gazpacho, or Summer months in Spain—Examiner.
8. Notes of a Naturalist, Part VI.—Fraser's Magazine.
9. Diplomacy of England, Part II.—Do.
10. Memoirs of the Author of Tremaine—Spectator.
11. Death of Sir Robert Peel—Do.
12. Palmerston and British Policy—Spectator and Examiner.

Published weekly, at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts.

august 10.

A SURVEY OF RELIGION. A Survey of the Doctrines and Duties of Religion, by Abel B. Jacobs, author of a work on the Moral Government of God. Price 37c. This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, aug10 111 Washington street.

CONSUMPTION CURED. Lately published, Consumption Curable, and its Treatment, by Wm. M. Cornell, M. D. 25c It can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. Published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, aug10 Washington street.

THE CHEAPEST SINGING BOOK FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THE Sunday School Singing Book, by Edward L. White, consisting of Hymns and appropriate music. Price reduced to $1.50 a dozen. This book was got up with a special view to the wants of the Unitarian Sunday Schools. Published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, aug10 111 Washington street.

American Institute of Instruction.

THE Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the "American Institute of Instruction," will be held at Northampton, Mass., on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of August, 1850.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

On Tuesday—10 o'clock. Remarks by the President. 10½. Introductory Lecture by Hon. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, Conn. 2½, P. M. Lecture by Rev. J. P. Cowles, of Ipswich. 7½. Lecture by Rev. L. Whiting, of Lawrence.

On Wednesday—9 o'clock. Lecture by Barnum Field, of the Franklin School, Boston. 11 Lecture by C. C. Chase, Lowell. 2½, P. M. Lecture by J. D. Philbrick, Boston. 7½. Lecture by Rev. R. S. Rust, State Supt. of Schools in N. H.

On Thursday—9 o'clock. Lecture by Solomon Jenner of New York. 11. Lecture by Hon. A. Walker, of Brookfield. 2½, P. M. Lecture by Edward Wyman, of St. Louis. 7½. Lecture by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D.D. of Boston.

Tickets for Railroad travel, from Boston to Northampton, may be had at half price, (by all who go to attend the Institute Meetings,) of WM. D. TICKNOR, Esq. corner of Washington and School streets, Boston. These Tickets will be good from August 12th to 20th, inclusive. Those who pass over the Eastern Railroad to attend the meeting, may obtain return tickets of the Secretary.

The citizens of Northampton have kindly made arrangements for the gratuitous entertainment of female teachers, who attend the meeting, and it is hoped the number will be large.

The members of the Institute, and others who propose to attend, are earnestly requested to give extensive notice of the meeting, and, if possible, to be present through all the sessions. CHARLES NORTHEND, Salem, July 24, 1850. Secretary. august3 3t

New Goods Cheap!

—AT THE—

SILK AND SHAWL WAREHOUSE,

66 HANOVER STREET.

STUART & FORBES,

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HAVING completed the alteration in their store have added to the valuable stock, a choice selection

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Housekeeping articles, Mourning Goods, Linens, Damasks, Domestics, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Muslin De Laines, Ginghams, White Goods, &c.

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Spring and Summer Goods!

WE have received by the late arrivals of French and English Steamers and Packet Ships,

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We have also received a full supply of

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Purchasers will always be able to find nearly every article of DRY GOODS wanted in families, and always at the LOWEST PRICES.

may4 3mos DANIELL & CO., 249 Washington street

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

Terms:—$132, per annum.

REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. R. Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER. Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand ORGAN, in a very elegant *Mahogany case*, elaborately carved, with gilded pipes in front, having ten stops in the Great Organ, five stops in the swell, and a double open diapason sub-bass to the Pedal Organ, with couplers, &c., will be sold at a low price to an immediate purchaser. The Organ is now in the High street Congregational Church (Rev. Mr. Chickering's) at Portland, and will be ready for delivery on or about the 15th of August. Terms of payment made favorable to the purchaser. For further particulars apply to

Also, for sale, two smaller sized second hand Church Organs and one good Parlor Organ.

WM. B. D. SIMMONS & CO., Organ Builders, july29 3tis Causeway street, Boston.

BIBLES.

THE Massachusetts Bible Society, at their Depository 15 Cornhill, have for sale and keep constantly on hand Bibles and Testaments of all the varieties published by the American Bible Society.

Also, Oxford and London editions.

Their stock of books in Foreign Languages is extensive embracing the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Welch, Gaelic, French German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Arabic, Syriac, Chinese.

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POETRY.

The Brevity of Life.

BY HERBERT.

Behold
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man:
In those well-tempered days, but time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three-score years and ten.

Alas,
And what is that!
They come, and slide, and pass
Before my pen can tell thee what:
The posts of time are swift, which, having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end;
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecovered loss; we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A ten years' breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death;
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,
Which please our sense awhile, and waking, prove but toys.

How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest, few at most;
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out or lost.

They be
The secret spring
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings;
Our life 's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning voice, till Time shall strike a death.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to gray-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

A SWISS TALE.

The early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard days' toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his armchair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready! Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a compagnon' (journeyman,) said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather!'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants!'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the Compagnon's Inn at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamor was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be!'

'Daniel!'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter!'

'Neither of these to night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the Compagnon."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had began to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage: the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the laborers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Switzland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a compagnon carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy, the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with the people for whom the middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labor or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants, under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss compagnon has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of the morning sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform color of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mothers's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this, the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where we used to play so joyfully! ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have labored so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, 'Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy.'

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely to and fro, as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognized Rodolphe his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco smoke behind him. Poor compagnon! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he was, moreover, Gertrude's father. 'Ha,' said he, 'if Rodolphe so soon forgets the faces of his friends, my old master will recollect me;' and so saying, he approached him respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired whether he could obtain work for him. The old man looked at him for a while before replying; and Herman's heart beat so quickly, that he could scarce conceal his feelings. 'Come to me to-morrow,' at last said the old man; 'I will then examine your certificates: work is not scarce for good hands;' and turning towards his men, resumed his occupations. 'What!' exclaimed the poor compagnon to himself as he turned away, 'am I so changed that my features are not recognized by my old master! What if Gertrude herself—But no, that is impossible! She who could distinguish me in a crowd a hundred paces off, will surely know her Herman again, in spite of his sunburnt face: besides, if her eyes failed her, her heart would prompt her of my presence!' So thinking, he rapidly traversed the little town. There was the old lime-tree, with the rustic seat beneath it; there the fountain, where many women were washing; and there stood the neat little cottage, upon which the young man's eyes now became riveted. The blue curtain and pots of carnations were there, as they ever had been; and oh, joy! there sat a young woman spinning! Herman's heart bounded with joy; he rushed forward, and then stopped opposite the window, a few steps only separating him from Gertrude. He remained immovable, so powerful were his emotions, and admired the ripening of her charms which had taken place during his absence: no longer the slender girl of fifteen, but a young woman in all the fulness of her beauty; her whole appearance denoting strength, health, and freshness. 'How beautiful she is!' exclaimed Herman in a low voice. Gertrude did not catch the words, but the voice struck her ear; and seeing a traveller but poorly clad with his eyes fixed on her, said to herself with a sigh, 'Poor fellow, he looks in want,' and throwing him a coin with Heaven's blessing, she shut the window, and disappeared.

Alas! the son of the south has too long shone on the face of the compagnon: his best friends know him not, and his beloved regards him as a stranger! Had she remained at the window, Gertrude must have remarked the expression of poignant grief Herman endured; and her heart would have divined, that under those tollworn clothes, and sunburnt face, was concealed him for whose advent she had so often prayed. After long remaining on the same spot, as if his feet were riveted to the ground, the compagnon tore himself away, and turned towards his home. But how changed in appearance! That buoyant step which, a few moments before, had trod the ground so lightly, was now slow and heavy; excessive fatigue overcame him. The weight of the bag he carried—not felt before—now seemed excessive; his head hung down on his chest, his hopes seemed blasted, and that native land which a few hours since, he saluted with such joy, now seemed indifferent to him. In vain did the old lime-tree, with its majestic foliage, meet his eyes; in vain did the antique fountain, with its grotesque figures, that should have called to his mind so many childish recollections, stand before him. He saw nothing; his wounded heart felt nothing but sorrow. However, he still advanced towards his home, and a few steps only separated him from the old churchyard, near which he had passed so many happy days of boyhood, when he saw an aged woman come tottering down the steps of the portico of the church, supported by a stick. It was his mother returning from offering her daily prayer for his return. 'Oh, how altered is she!' he sorrowfully exclaimed: 'how can I hope her feeble eyes should know her child, when mine can scarcely recognize her timeworn frame!' But no sooner had she approached him, and raised her head, than she fell into his arms, sobbing through her tears, 'My son, my beloved son!' Herman pressed her closely to his breast, and falteringly exclaimed, 'My mother, thou at least hast not forgotten me. Years of absence, the scorching sun, and toilsome labor, conceal me not from you!'

Yes, if the sun of the south had rendered the face of the compagnon a stranger to his dearest friends and his beloved, but one look sufficed to make his mother exclaim, 'My son—my Herman! God be praised that he has restored him to me!'

The narrator here seemed to have concluded his story, and remained lost in the emotion he had depicted. Such a conclusion however, did not satisfy his listeners.

'But what become of the compagnon?' they demanded

'Oh,' said the father, recollecting himself, 'he went home with his mother, and said to her 'Here mother, take what I have earned, and live happily the rest of your days with your child,' and to the last breath the old woman blessed the return of her only son.' So saying, he sorrowfully cast his eyes towards the corner of the room where hung a distaff, surmounted by a crown of everlasting flowers. The children followed their father's eyes, and long maintained a respectful silence.

'So,' Frank at last suddenly exclaimed, 'Gertrude did not love the beautiful things he brought for her?'

'Why did she shut the window then!' said another child.

'Perhaps,' added Catherine, 'she opened it again!'

'Yes, my Catherine,' said the carpenter smiling, 'she did open it again: and it was with his compagnon and his Gertrude that their old mother passed her days, blessing them both until she left this world for a better.' At this moment his wife Gertrude, still in the prime of life, entered with their homely supper. [Chambers' Journal.

PUNCTUALITY. A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time" said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," &c. A quaker present said "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, andone eighth of it only was *thine own property.*"

FOR CHILDREN.

BE HONEST TO EVERY ONE.

"Be faithful to your employer, and honest to every one," said Widow Freeman to her son George when he left the charity school to go as errand-boy to a respectable shoemaker in the neigboring town. "Remember that 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;' and if you seek to please him in all your ways, you may humbly expect his blessing wherever you may go. But if you should take to bad courses, you will break your poor mother's heart, and bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

George felt something rising in his throat which prevented his speaking, and the tears came into his eyes: but he thought it would be unmanly to cry, so giving his mother a hearty kiss, he nodded good-bye, and ran down the lane as fast as he could; while the good woman continued to stand at her cottage door, watching him till he was quite out of sight, and praying that the God of the fatherless and the widow would protect her darling boy and keep him from all the snares of sin.

After a week or two, it was seen that George was likely to do well in his new place. He remembered what he was told, and did as he was bid: he gave his mind to fulfil the duties required from him, and he would make no acquaintance with the idle boys who were playing about the streets, and sought him to loiter on his errands. His master praised his good memory; and his mistress liked him for his civility and readiness to oblige. Every night he went home to his mother's cottage. It was two miles to walk but George did not mind that, for he was young, and healthy, and strong; and if he was sometimes tired with running all day, he always forgot his weariness when he saw his mother standing to look out for him at the cottage door. On Saturday nights, he did not come home until ten o'clock: but then he brought his wages in his pocket; and half a crown a week was a great sum to the poor widow, who had to work hard for a living. Now, that she had no longer her boy's entire maintenance to provide for, she was able to procure many comforts which she greatly needed and happily and thankfully were their Sabbaths spent in praising God for earthly blessings, and seeking the richer gifts of his Holy Spirit to fit them for his rest above.

George had been in his place nearly twelve months, and his obedience to his mother's parting advice had secured for him an excellent character as an honest and faithful servant. One evening, he was sent by his mistress to purchase various articles at a grocer's shop in the next street, for which he was to pay, and receive a sixpence in change. He was served by the grocer himself, but had scarcely left the shop, when he perceived by the bright light in the window that a half-sovereign had been given to him in mistake for the sixpence. Here was an opportunity for a dishonest boy to have committed a theft, without much probability of being found out! I do not suppose that the thoughts of such a wicked action once entered George's mind. He directly turned back into the shop and simply saying, "You have made a mistake, sir," he laid the half-sovereign upon the counter, and stood waiting for his proper change.

The grocer looked with a smile in George's honest face, and, after a moment's thought, taking two sixpences from the drawer, inquired if he was not in the employ of Mr. Barnes, the shoemaker round the corner. On hearing George's reply, the grocer said he should inform his master of his good conduct; and giving him the sixpence that was due with another for himself as a token of approbation, he told him to practise the same integrity through life, and he need not fear finding friends. George felt grateful, both for the gift and the advice; and perhaps he betrayed a little self-gratification when relating the matter to his mother, for she thought it needful to warn him against trusting in his own strength, reminding him that he had a sinful heart, which nothing but Divine grace could restrain from the way of evil. And she entreated him to read his Bible, with constant prayer for his Saviour's mercy and assistance, since they are safe whom He keeps, but there is help in none beside.

The next morning, when he arrived at the shop, early as it was, George found Mr. Brown the grocer standing talking to his master at the door. He made his bow, and was passing on but Mr. Brown put his hand upon his shoulder, and his master, bidding him stop, asked him if his mother would object to his taking another place. George turned first red and then white, when he heard this question. He feared that his master was displeased with him, and all the consequences of being dismissed rushed upon his mind. But before he could reply, Mr. Brown told him that he had come to the determination of taking him as an apprentice, if his mother would consent, and his present master was willing to give him up. The truth was, that the grocer, having been lately defrauded to a large amount by one of the persons in his employment, was willing to set aside all other considerations for the sake of obtaining a really honest boy; and was looking out for a lad of his description at the very time when George's conduct with regard to the half-sovereign called forth his notice and commendation.

Mr. Barnes the shoemaker, though sorry to lose his steady errand-boy, was too much his friend to stand in the way of his promotion; and as there could be no doubt that Widow Freeman would thankfully give her consent, it was soon settled that George should go to his new master as soon as a successor could be met with for his present place. How the happy boy got home that night he could scarcely tell. He hardly allowed himself time to take breath; and when he saw his mother waiting at the cottage door, it seemed to give wings to his feet. What joy and gratitude there was felt under that humble roof when his tidings were told no words of mine can express; and it was with a full heart that they both kneeled down before retiring to rest, to give thanks to God for his goodness in thus providing for their wants, and raising up friends for the time to come.

George has been now three years in the family of Mr. Brown, and the worthy grocer has been heard to say that he could trust him with untold gold. Reader let this example encourage you to be strictly honest in all your dealings. You may not, like George, meet with an immediate reward: but such conduct will be sure in the end to procure for you the good opinion and confidence of others, and it will bring to your own mind a peace and satisfaction worth more than treasures of silver and gold.—[London Child's Companion.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

Did you ever hear the story of little Tommy? Abraham Croft was Tommy's father. Abraham Croft had a father who was very fond of him, and very kind to him. One day the old man said to his son, "Abraham, I wish to give you this house and garden, and these acres of land, and all I will ask of you is, that you will let me live with you, and take care of me while I live," "Oh! very well," said Abraham, "I will." When Abraham got the house and land, he thought himself a great man. He married, and had cows, and horses, and carts. The old man went out every morning to the garden, and worked all day for his son, as long as he had strength, and was always very glad to see his son happy. Abraham had, after a time, a son, whom his parents called Tommy. As he grew up, he became very fond of his grandfather; in the evening he climbed his knee, as he sat by the fire, and asked him to tell him stories. In the day he went to the garden, where his grandfather was digging, to watch the little worms as he turned them up with his spade, and to look at the robins picking them up. The old man caught a bad cold, and coughed very much; he was not able to work, so he was obliged to remain in the house, in bed, or at the fire, to keep himself warm. Tommy's mother soon became very cross to the old man: he gave, she said, so much trouble, and took up so much room; getting his breakfast and dinner took up so much of her time, and that he was good for nothing. His son also became very cold in his manner, and did not speak to him; and one day when something annoyed him, he said to his old father, "How can people be bothered with you here! You ought to go to the workhouse." The old man felt his son's words cutting him to the heart; he was very uncomfortable; he rose up from the fire, took his stick, and tried to make his way into the garden. He sat down in an old house that was cold and damp; he got a fit of coughing, and became sick, and was pained in his heart. Tommy went out after him, and when he saw him he was very sorry.

"Go in, Tommy," said the old man, "and bring me out the quilt that is on the bed, and I will put it about me and go to the workhouse." Poor little Tommy went with a heavy heart, sobbing all the way, and he thought his heart would break. As he was going for the quilt he met his father. "Where are you going?" said he. "I am going for grandfather's quilt to put about him, as he says he is going to the workhouse." "Let him go," said Abraham; "the workhouse is the proper place for him." Tommy got the quilt, and brought it to his father, and said, "Father, cut this in two for me." "What for!" said the father. "Because," said he, "half of it will be enough for grandfather, and the other half will do for you when I am a man, and turn you out of my house." "What!" said Abraham, "my own son to turn me out! But I am turning my father out!" He hung down his head, and tears fell from his eyes. He went to the garden, and said, "Oh, father, will you forgive me, and all the days of your life I will be a kind son to you? Come and take your seat at the table, and your own place at the fire." His good old father forgave him, and kissed him.

Tommy's heart danced when he saw and heard what had passed. The old man came in, and tried to be cheerful; but he did not live long; unkindness had broken his heart. He went to his bed: little Tommy was always at his bedside. The last thing the old man saw was Tommy weeping, and the last sounds he heard were words of kindness from Tommy's lips. He gave Tommy his blessing, and closed his eyes in death. Dear children, pray God to make you always kind to your parents, who are so good to you.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, HIS FAMILY AND HIS FORTUNE. A letter from a friend of the Ex-Royal family says: "It is perfectly true that Louis Philippe regards a fusion of the two branches as the only reasonable solution in France. The Duchess of Orleans is favorable to the proposition, but her opposition is by no means so great as some of your journals have pretended. In her conversation with the Ex-King, she is very careful not to say anything that could offend or annoy him on this subject, and at times she appears to be convinced by his arguments; and so great is the influence of Louis Philippe over his family, that it would not be astonishing to see the Duchess of Orleans become a convert to his views. The most affectionate intercourse exists between the Ex-King and his daughter in law, but he talks to her as he would to a man, and thus shows the reliance that he has in her judgment. His favorite—I ought almost say his pet—is the Duches de Nemours. He appears absolutely to dote on her, and her devotedness to him is delightful to witness.

The Duke de Nemours agrees fully with the father. As to the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale, it is well known that they are not favorable to a fusion; but if the King should carry his ideas on this point to the extent of laying his injunction upon them, be assured that it would be religiously observed.'

Major Noah says, there was at one time an attempt on the part of several European newspapers to create public sympathy for the poor Ex-King of the French, on account of the extreme poverty and destitution to which the integrate republicans had reduced them. All, however, who were afflicted with tender emotions at the sad idea, may dismiss their sorrow, for it appears that the old gentleman, like a prudent old gentleman, as he always was, has taken pretty good care amid the shaking of empires, and the wreck of his throne, to feather his nest pretty well. His private fortune has suffered great depreciation within the last two years, but still it yields him the snug little income of $800,000 a year or thereabouts. This, by his will, he has divided equally among each of his eight children, and grandchildren, leaving to each the moderate competence of $100,000 a year, upon which, small as it is, we sincerely trust that they may be able to wriggle through life.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

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